VILE



GURU SWAMI SALAMI REVEALS THE SOURCE OF HIS WISDOM FOR VILE PHOTOGRAPHER.

SEE THE VILE AWARDS OF DISGUST — PAGE 2.

CHRISTMAS SPECIAL 1975 $2.00





VOL. 3 NO. 1

VILE©

DEC. 1975

CONTENTS

The art of making a date

by Bob Hope



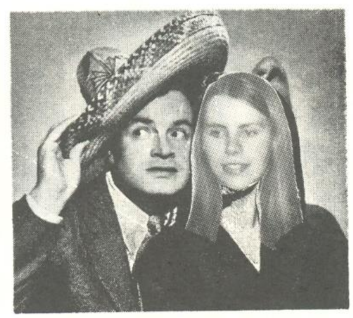
1. It's easy to make a date. If you're a man, the logical thing to do is to make it with a girl. So first, call the most beautiful girl you know. Then, if you have another nickel, call one who will go out with you. When she answers, speak to her in a voice that's inviting and pleasant . . . like the swell, cool taste of Nepsodent.



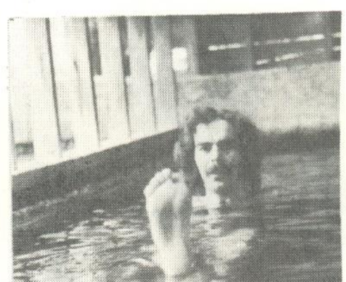
2. At her house, ring the front doorbell. Then rush around and catch her escaping by the rear door. Once I caught nine fellows dashing out. From the way their teeth flashed in the dark, I guess they just dropped by to use my girl's Nepsodent.In fact, I'm sure of it. One fellow had a brush.



3. Now, it's not patriotic to go driving in the car. That wastes gasoline. Also, there might be a blackout. So turn out the lights and sit in the dark praising Nepsodent for making her teeth so bright. Then all you have to do is follow the beam and you'll never miss her kisser.



4. Later, if you go for a walk, tilt your hat at a rakish angle. This makes you look debonair. It also blocks her view of all the smiling soldiers and sailors you pass. Their smiles have plenty of "come-on" these days, because they're buying and using more Nepsodent than any other brand.



5. Always look neat. If you have a two-pants suit, wear the least shiny pair *outside*. Shiny teeth are okay, though . . . because you'll rate better with a sparkle on your teeth. So before going out, brush withNepsodentto put a gleam in your smile. Naturally, later on you can move the gleam up to your eye.

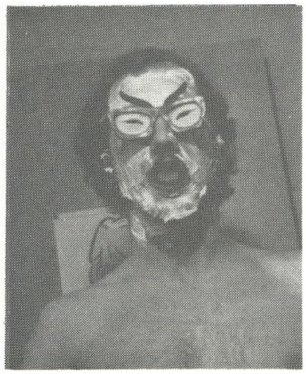
See you Tuesday Night on NBC.

Remember . . .
DON'T WASTE NEPSODENT



nepsodent with Irium is so safe, so effective . . . It takes Only a Little to Brighten Your Smile.

Only nepsodent Contains Irium



EDITORIAL

This issue of VILE falls into two halves; the first of which consists of "modified mail art," Pgs. 1-27; and the second, "pure mail art" on pages 28-64.

The difference between them is simple; in the first half, works have been modified by editorial and production changes. Material is cut and/or typeset, photos placed with appropriate captions from original LIFE pages. A collage by your editor producer who hopes you enjoy the parody.

The pure mail art pages are reproduced as they were received; being treated as "finished works" rather than components. This approach enables the presentation of a much wider range of people and work than is possible in a publication composed entirely of "pure mail art."

VILE AWARDS OF DISGUST

Writings: Genesis P. Orridge, Letter, Pg. 6; Richard Morris, Something VILE Pg. 2, 3; John M. Bennette, Catshit Mother Piece, Pg. 15

Photos: Ed Buryne, back cover; Mr. Peanut, Dog Training P. 22.

MASTHEAD

EDITOR: Anna Banana
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PUBLISHER Anna Banana
FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS see table of contents

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VILE memoirs, poems, stories, photos, drawings, artworks. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope if you require return of your materials. And when contributing, remember our motto: THE WORST IS YET TO COME.

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SOMETHING VILE — Richard Morris

Most Earthpeople thought it was a strange planet. Though I suppose that, given the millions of millions of worlds that exist somewhere or another out there in space, they shouldn't have thought it so odd that there should be at least one like it. Anyway, the reason they thought the planet was strange was that it was inhabited by powerful, inscrutable creatures called The Eh, who had a propensity for transforming the natives into steaming pillars of shit. No one knew why The Eh did this; to anyone who had grown up on the planet, it was simply a part of the natural order of things.

As you might expect, living with the prospect of being turned into shit at almost any moment had the effect of making life on the planet somewhat hedonistic. I mean, suppose you know this mortician named Carlo Giovanni Cicatelli who's been laboring for years to build up his business. He's spent his entire youth working sixteen hours a day. And now he he's a highly respected man, a pillar of the community. And suppose you walk into his office one day and see, behind his desk, not the pillar of the community that you knew and loved, but a stinking pillar of something else. Well, the chances are that you'd have second thoughts about doing the same thing yourself. In fact, I'd say that the odds are that you'd spend as much time as possible fucking.

I don't think that I have to describe all the multifarious kinds of sexual activity that the natives constantly engaged in. In these days, there wouldn't be much titilation in that kind of narrative anyway. There'd be even less point in telling you about the kinds of space travel that were used, or about the Galactic Federation, or whatever it was, that kept things together politically; that would be even more boring. I can't think of anything better to do than to go on with the story.

Hugh Fox stepped off the starship. As he did, he found himself nervously checking to see that his chastity belt was securely fastened. Fox was a transvestite. Now, the natives would have accepted this little quirk of his quite readily. The only trouble was, they engaged in every kind of sexual activity with such great gusto that their notions of transvestism were a little too far out even for someone like Fox. He thought it best to abstain entirely while he was on the planet, therefore. Fucking was ok, he figured, but not if it was so bizarre that his mind would also be fucked over.

Fox headed for the bar. Suddenly a toothless old man named Opal L. Nations ran across his path, chasing an enormously fat woman in a dog costume. In a few seconds, Nations caught up with her and ripped the costume from her body, revealing mountainous folds of flesh. Almost slobbering at the sight, he drew out his throbbing member and prepared to bury it in her huge body. Suddenly, Nations prick began to turn brown and emit a strange odor. Crying out in despair he lunged toward Irene Dogmatic. Nations' cries of despair mingled with sounds of rapture. Then the sounds died away. Lying on the floor of the spaceport were two enormous turds.

I've told you that Fox was a transvestite. I suppose that, before we get too bogged down in the sex—or in the shit—that fills this story, I ought also to tell you that he was a noted biologist who specialized in studying odd forms of extraterrestial life. I'm not going to give

HISTORY ... in the making



My Friends,
...I suppose I've always been a west coast artist living in exile and because of my loss of memory thru an accident to my head I can't remember how I got here or what my origins are. For some reason I have this delusion that I'm from the future...all I remember of my mother is that she had a strange fetish for a certain tropical fruit, yellow in color.

tain tropical fruit, yellow in color. Many was the night as a small child that I

tain tropical fruit, yellow in color. Many was the night as a small child that I lay in my crib listening to my mother's grunts in the night...but why should I burden you with my personal petty problems?

Your friend,
J.R. Blevins,
Unofficial Advisor and Helper
to Everyone Absolutely Puzzled.
PROPAGANDADA
Cleveland, Ohio 44106



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CUNTFARTS — Tom Hosier

Chapter 8

"Your Honor, I swear that was how it occured," testifies Sally, her Surroundings causing her more than a slight nervous reaction. "The mysterious Kotex tampon was discovered to belong to Mother Superior. This explains the lack of Vaseline or similar lubricants in the lab report. No wonder Becky was unable to sell any in the convent—it seems that communion wafers soaked in holy water make a cheaper, safer, and more effective lubricant for the insertion of inter-vaginal napkins."

"And the voices in the dark?" investigates the prosecutor.

Sally continues, "It turns out that they were lost in the lavatory. The gunshop and reverse mirror effect were, of course, hallucinations, probably brought on by our embarrassment at having Leroy in the Ladies room."

"And the others?"

"Andrea and Lloyd probably eloped. Dyke Fenn is now working as a laundress. Mother Superior has twice renewed her vows. Bruno? I don't know what's happened to him."

Chapter 9

Becky stares at Judge Flaherty. "I came to please you," she states. "Do not pay. You're capable of erection, I pray?"

The Judge reacts quickly. "Semolina Richard! Open the flask!"

"Why it sparkles," beams Richard. "Must be flask of you'uns."

"Duplicate," corrects Jackie. The prosecutor is overjoyed.

"Lewd miscarriage," condemns Judge Flaherty.

Leroy in drag, disguised as the bailiff, enters the chamber.

"Planetas de los Cro-Magnum," he whispers. "Also a . . ."

"No! No! No!" denies Jackie.

"Urn, urn, urn, urn," grunts Becky, as she takes a black peek-a-boo bra out of her purse and undresses. Despite it's ill fit, she dons the garment. The process is repeated with a pair of crotchless undies. No one notices either this event of the puddle under Leroy-cum-Bailiff's chair.

"I chastise my race," scowls the prosecutor.

"Labelled 'Haste makes waste,'" continues Leroy. "And do you wear crusty drawers? Remember, you are blunder loathe. Come . . . come, tell me."

The press and photographers proceed to wonder as all the characters line up in front of them and sing their theme song in unison:

"Bend to my dreams gleeming teeth, short hairs.
Mission into mastoids, journey ridicule."

"Cuntfarts," croons the soloist.

"Manefestations of allegiance," continues the chorus, adopting various squatting postures. The soloist grabs the microphone.

"Journey to pails, childhood sounds, box top survey."

"Cuntfarts, eggplants, cumquats," sings the chorus.

"Spidel twists copper metal," emotes the soloist.

The chorus continues: "Cuntfarts, eggplants, cumquats . . ."

THE END

PROPOSAL:SAN FRANCISCO—NUMBER II

— Carl E. Loeffler/La Mamelle

Bisect the city of San Francisco utilizing Twin Peaks as a sighting device. Sunday at 3:00 pm those inhabitants West of the division will cease their daily functions, walk out of doors and stand at attention facing due East. Those East of the division will duplicate except face due West. This orientation prelude will be given two (2) minutes for completion, where upon at 3:02 pm the main body of the proposal shall begin. For a period of one (1) minute the three (3) syllable phrase NUMBER TWO is to be chanted by the city's inhabitants. Sufficiently chorused, this will allow sixty (60) utterances of the phrase.

CHORUS:
NUMBERTWONUMBERTWONUMBERTWONUMBERTWONUMBER
NUMBERTWONUMBERTWONUMBERTWONUMBERTWONUMBER
TWO NUMBERTWONUMBERTWONUMBERTWONUMBERTWONUM-
BERTWONUMBERTWONUMBERTWONUMBERTWONUMBERTWO
NUMBERTWONUMBERTWONUMBERTWONUMBERTWONUMBER
TWOMUNBERTWONUMBERTWONUMBERTWONUMBERTWONUM-
BERTWONUMBERTWONUMBERTWONUMBERTWONUMBERTWO
NUMBERTWONUMBERTWONUMBERTWONUMBERTWONUMBER
TWONUMBERTWONUMBERTWONUMBERTWONUMBERTWONUM-
BERTWONUMBERTWONUMBERTWONUMBERTWONUMBERTWO.

SOMETHING VILE Cont'd. from P. 2

you a rundown of his career, or even summarize his monumental study of all of the different kinds of fucking that were engaged in by the various races of the galaxy. It ought to be enough if I simply say that the Federation (or whatever it was) thought highly enough of him to give him a grant so that he could go to the planet ans study The Eh.

The bartender was a woman. She was dressed in a somewhat skimpy banana costume—along with dark stockings and a black garter belt. There were flashing lights around her pussy. As Fox tried to explain to her about his chastity belt, she climbed up onto the bar and tried to press his face into her crotch. Fox looked into the lights. I don't know what he was thinking; probably it was something rather prosaic. It would have been nice if he had been thinking, "Jesus Christ, if you escape getting turned into shit on

continued 3rd column

SOMETHING VILE Cont'd.

this planet, you're liable to get fried in Hana Banana's electric pussy. " But, as I said, he probably wasn't thinking that. Life is never that perfect.

Fox pushed himself away, picked up his his glass, and moved toward a table. He sat down, wiped a sticky gob of come off his cheek (it had come flying through the air as though out of nowhere), and sat down. As he did, he noticed a man sitting at a table nearby. Fox has seen him when he walked in, but hadn't paid much attention. Now he looked more closely. Take away that grizzled beard. The man bore an uncanny . . . could it be? He quickly got up and approached the man's table. "Bill Gaglione?" he asked.

Gaglione motioned to Fox that he should sit down. But before Fox could even pull away the chair, he was attacked by the bartender again. Gaglione slowly gut up and kicked Banana in the stomach. Shaking, Fox sat down.

"It can get annoying," Gaglione said. "They only leave me alone because they know I drink so much I can't get it up any more. Drinking's the only way I know of that you can survive if you want to stay on this planet for long."

"Dr. Gaglione," Fox blurted out, "we all thought you were dead."

"Better that way. If they knew I was alive, they'd want me to tell them about The Eh."

"You know what the Eh are?"

Gaglione didn't answer the question. Instead, he picked up Fox's glass and his own. Stepping over Tim Mancusi (who was lying on the floor eating CENSORED 's pussy), he said, "I'll get us a refill." Speaking over his shoulder, he added, "If Banana comes back, just kick her. Better than trying to reason with them. I saw you pulling down your pants to show your chastity belt to the bitch. Didn't do you any good, did it?" Fox glanced down. Mancusi and Censored were now engaging in an activity that he (& remember that monumental volume Fox had written on fucking) hadn't even known existed. Well, he thought, maybe next time he'd come without the chastity belt.

As you might expect, Gaglione soon came back with the drinks. If I wanted to, I could report the conversation that followed in excruciating detail. As you might expect, Gaglione claimed to know what the Eh were, but wouldn't tell Fox, claiming that the latter wouldn't believe him. He said things like, "You think I'm not talking because I don't know it all. Well, I could tell you. Only trouble is, you wouldn't believe me. I guess you'll just have to find out for yourself." Meanwhile at various places around the bar people were fucking and sucking and doing things like that. In the corner one could see a menage a trois consisting of Tristan Tzara, Patty Hearst and someone who looked like the Queen of the Netherlands. Finally, Fox got up and left.

If this were any reasonable kind of story, I'd tell you that Fox went out to study The Eh and that, after many trials, he finally figured out what they were. I'd keep you in suspense for a few paragraphs, and then I'd tell you what his discovery was. Perhaps it would be something like, "The whole universe is shit and everything else is illusion," or perhaps it would be something much more prosaic. Well, Fox did go out to study The Eh. The only trouble is, he got turned into a pillar of shit himself before he really got anywhere. Soon after, Banana, Gaglione, Tzara, Hearst and all the rest were turned into shit too.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

FLUXUS WEST/DEAR FRIENDS,

The only spokespeople left with any public audience at all on this continent are few indeed: they consist of Fluxus, Fluxus West, Image Bank, File and - to a lesser degree - the Bay Area Dadaists. The entire rest of the movement is scattered among local groupings or groups like S.L.U.J., which have, frankly, an appeal even more limited than the audiences of the aforementioned groups. None of us are as powerful as ARTFORUM.

So: the question is before us, now: what are we doing? How may we best be heard? How can we more effectively do service in those media which are our calling?

In making this gesture, I am taking a calculated risk. On the one hand, perhaps a new dialogue and sense of enterprise and community may emerge among us. On the other, I may be roundly called out as a fool and a wishful thinker who ought to mind his own business. I do not argue that my views are necessarily the only views or even entirely correct: the blunt evidence of my recent journeys around the continent is, however, that there is a loss of respect among us for one another and for our mutual enterprise. Too many people feel that they alone are doing good work and everyone else is a dimwit. Further, the rest of the world looks upon our endeavor as worse than futile, but as sheer infantilism and a waste of time and effort.

There are just too many weak links on the chain for us to do any good for the three billion or so human beings on this planet, and now is the time when we either strengthen the chain, strengthen our individual work, output and effectiveness, or else be prepared to be absorbed back into the old system where some of us will become stars and superstars and the rest of us will become victims of the machine. This is what is at stake in the questions of freedom, excellence and choice.

This essay is not an attack. It is the beginning of a conference. I beg that you join me in this conference, that you enlist those of us who are of similar heart, and that together we salvage what is now the wreck of a once potentially great idea.

FROM THE ESSAY: Freedom, Excellence and Choice:

Vautier once classified in 1967 the "Masters of Modern Correspondence" as comprising Johnson, C., Dieter Rot, himself and myself. Perhaps limited in choice, but at that time, first there were far fewer of us than today, and second , we were all GOOD at what we did and one could open one's mail with delight. The pressing onslaught of the latter-day junk-mail movement took the joy out of it for us, and I notice that none of us today engage in much of that sort of work. Why should we place effortful works at the service of persons who dash a KWIK-KOLLAGE bit of trash together, printed in the thousands and send out with little care or concern? A glance at Poinsot's "Mail Art" anthology will serve to prove my point: just how well does most of the stuff floating around today hold up against those early works? Which would you REALLY rather receive in your mail box?

Most of the stuff circulating now is dandyist posturing against boundaries long ago broken, and it doesn't hold up well. Measure Vautier's FOURRE TOUT or my own AMAZING FACTS or the first issue of ASSEMBLING against Danielli's L.A. ARTISTS PUBLICATION or later issues of AS SEMBLING. Given your choice, which would you rather own? Measure the WEEKLY BREEDER of the early years against the latter years, measure them all against HOO HOO ARCHIVES and judge.

There is no comparison. And while art-market pricing-that medium which we first sought to evade—may not be the best criterion, it is notable that early BREEDERS fetch healthy sums, original pages at $125 each, while HOO Hoo has no market whatsoever. Why is this? For the same reason that people seek out and wish to own the early Dada publications and that there is no appreciable market for old issues of that series of "art freebies" given out at art supply stores everywhere. It is not their rarity: it is the difference in the quality of contribution to the ongoing dialogue of the arts.

Not all the work being done today is bad. QUOZ, FILE, IAC, Image Bank's releases, Banana Productions and others continue to offer substance and delight on a fairly frequent and consistent basis. Very little else does. Most of the production of the S.L.U.J. circuit—people whom I dearly love as people, but with whom I have plainly stated my aesthetic quarrel—simply does not hold up. Much of the stuff, in fact, hardly manages to limp, in the words of Robert Cumming, from mailbox to trashbin.

The meaning of freedom is empty if we are not freed TOWARD. Filliou stated it well over a decade ago in his famous letter to the Danish newspaper.

The issue of excellence is touchy. It is hard to define what the best is or might be. But bluntly stated, I know that many people know damn well they are not GIVING THEIR BEST. If you do not care enough for yourself and your fellow human beings to give your best, why give at all?

I put the question: do we give our best? And my brief definition? Simple enough: an intelligent contribution, whether large or small, to the ongoing dialogue which comprises that portion of our human enterprise known as the arts. Regardless the exact definition of the arts, the boundaries or media which one's personal definition breaks or to which one cleaves, whether called art-life, art, anti-art or whatever, the dialogue stands as the crucial issue. All that one asks in the matter of excellence has not to do with fame, with success, with style or anything else but that simple quality: the INTELLIGENT CONTRIBUTION.

Etc.

Sincerely,
Ken Friedman
FLUXUS WEST
San Diego, Ca.

DEAR KEN FRIEDMAN,

Life is tenuous, I know, not like a nickel but like a dime...and dnadiest posturing abounds in art as platitudinous adnoidal slock abounds in writing about art.

We are free. Underground, the sole spirit of anarchy. We did not happen to see you in 1966 in San Francisco, Rome, Fayetteville, Memphis, as by chance it seems you have not participated in Hoo Hoo Archives last experiment with chance in the 1974 blue mailings. Far advanced anything in correspondance art; but currently is not as lucrative in the marketplace, nor as warm and valid feeling as $125 per page. Cop an aesthetic, baby, but not my head nor that of a southerner in search of the lone pine of no theatre.

Very Truly,
Gustavo A. Nelson.



Photo by Al Blaster

GUSTAVO NELSON Mar. 31/75
(in part)

To answer the main theme of your letter, "writing about art," let me suggest this to you: That if the things mailed were labeled as correspondence, as pen-pal exchange, as junk mail, or as anything without the use of the word art, I would have made no comment. But as it is called art — and by you, too — it becomes subject to the standards of art, of art history, or art criticism and of judgement as an art form. That human enterprise is handled through the vehicle of art discussion and art writing. If you wish the differentiation and dignity of the title art, and published in art journals, then you must accept the full responsibility of the art enterprise. You can't have have the applause without risking the criticism.

Sincerely, Ken Friedman.

MARILYN:

Since your enquire was addressed to Friend of Ken Friedman, maybe I shouldn't answer, because I'm not sure that salutation is correct. Friend?

What is the most important aspect or meaning of Ken Friedman's work in your opinion?

What the Hell! You need at least one detractor. To dwell for a moment in the realm of Friedman's medium-namely rhetoric—I'd assess Ken's genius as the gift of Hucksterism. The Bozo of Art. Organization Man accumulating Credentials. An enthusiastic SALESMAN.

Not that all of "Mail Art" has not benefited, to some degree, from Friedman's exposure and success; but recently, in grand conceit, Ken set himself up as some omnipotent granddaddy of The Eternal Network in his condescending essay entitled "Freedom, Excellence & Choice," then preceded to tell us, in the vernacular of the CIA, that WE, the troops, had better shape up.

Again to emulate Ken and drop some names, which is his wont to do, I think when he turned critic he lost all claim to the Pataphysical, a philosophy of Duchamp, George Brecht and even his mentor, George Maciunas, which allows each man to live his life as an exception proving no law but his own!

In hopes that Friedman will come down off his high horse, I'd like to quote from Robert Filliou's Research On The Eternal Network a question for Ken to ponder:

"If it is true that information about and knowledge of all modern art research is more than any one artist could comprehend, then the concept of "avant-garde" is obsolete. With incomplete knowledge, who can say who is in front, and who ain't?"

Since you have either participated in or experienced some of Ken's varied projects, can you tell me which of these has most heightened your awareness of your own life, ideas, and/or environment? In sum, how have these been meaningful to you on the personal level?

Perhaps Ken's criticism of yours truly has clouded my objectivity on this issue. Generally I like Friedman's Werk, in particular, his use of Distance and Duration. However, I'd like to remind him of Marcel Duchamps observation that " "language is just no damn good for conveying ideas".

Subjectively—
Sweeney Todd
Hoo Hoo Archives
Gurdon, Arkansas.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

THANK YOU FOR neatly spoiling my visit to Phoenix. And, my sincere thankx for a lesson in "How-Not-To-Be-Honest-With-A-Freak." It was truly educational to discover that the "sensitive-to-vibes-and-body-language" was just another plastic mask-costume for a boring, sexist, cock-teasing, rip-off "artist". It was metaphorically fitting to end the day in that pseudo-hip racist/sexist roadhouse. Hope you derived great comfort from the H.J. bath towels...so nice and fluffy!!!

If you're ever in the east, please DON't call . . .

PLEASE DISREGARD THE earlier postcard message (above) —I was hurt and angry at being misunderstood (and having me defined by someone else), and unwilling to extend myself enough to realize we all bring a lot of heavy biographical coloration to bear on specific encounters. Think both of us mis-read the location of each other's psyche and maybe both of us had to respond the way we did.

I'm sorry we did not have the chance to talk this out (I was too angry to create the opportunity, and don't know whether you cared to.

Sincerely,
E.R., NYC

I DON'T (& WE don't) understand your mag. It's confusing and, (in some circles) in VERY bad taste! In composing this piece, did you ONCE consider your fellow humans or even ONE of their 8 senses? Just remember, half of what you say may be true—however—if you ever run for office, we can arrange a plurality of the disarrainged—or. . . Note: Gertrude Keg NEVER drank from a stein.

I MUST TELL you that the Co. of "Auggie & Co." displayed a degree of reaction equal to that of the stimuli [fried frog]. She called me at work and a fellow employee got the call [I was at the GENTLEMEN] and when he heard that I received a fried frog in the mail he broke up totally and spread the word like pocs! I noticed an instant image shift (5-10%?) at work! Like "What kind've a guy receives a fried frog in the mail?"

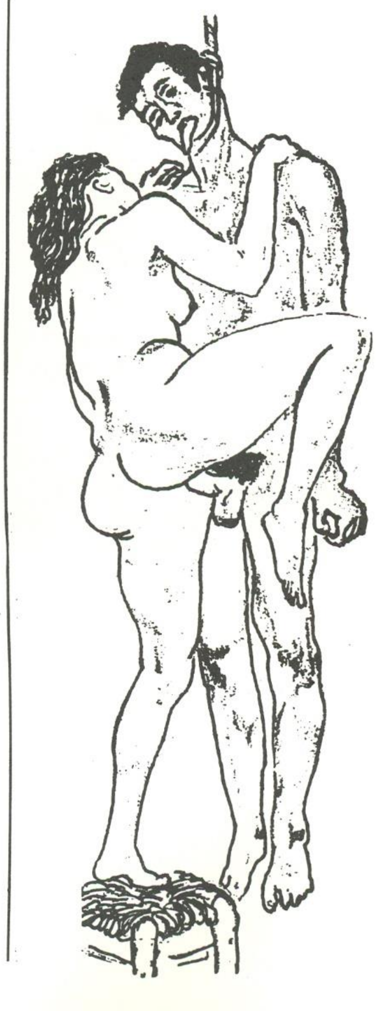
I'm convinced that I'll come upon a way to bring "Fredfrog" back to life. Co. does well talking to plants and I might try an intensive session of this manner on Froggy. I've tried lengthy artificial respiration but nothing. Guess he(she) doesn't dig artificiality.. Auggie Trenton, Mich.

IT'S GOOD TO see your response to the little dictatorshit of FILE. File's pompous and arrogant attitude places it in the vast swamp of oatmeal mags and has choked itself down to a meaningless, monotonous ego dogma—aren't we neat, isn't it sweet—more mire for the masses! It's too bad for everybody, I guess. Any stigma to beat a dogma.

Sir Quaxalot,
Billings, Mont.

Editors:
The Banana Cards and info was received orgasmicly. Bananas are beautiful. Somehow can't keep from regarding them as sex objects. The merger sounds interesting. Will be looking forward to it. Will try to help finances after my next hold-up. Have been searching thru the latest issue of IFEL, FILE, for Dadaists in the Dallas-Ft. Worth, Texas area for a possible merger. The closest I know is Russell Butler of Hoo Hoo Archives, Gurdon Arkansas. I see him about every three to five months when I go back for a supply of moon-shine at home. Must push on.

Later,
Synthetic Cowboy
Grand Prairie, Texas



GET IT TODAY! NEW 'Hassline' Cream Hair Tonic that suddenly made men say:–

"MY CHOICE EVERY TIME!"

Because no other hair tonic contains new wonder-working **Vitriol***...assuring natural looking hair and natural feeling hair that stays neat all day long!



** Special compound VITRIOL in 'Hassline' Cream Hair Tonic helps make your hair look natural . . . feel natural . . . stay in place actually hours longer!*

HASSELINE is the registered trade mark of the Cheesblaugh Mfg. Co.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

I GOT A letter from Felix at FILE telling me how poor they are—they don't have any heat in the office, they've lived on welfare, all this shit and called 491's comments about them "naive sloganeering" that I tried to pull off on 'em and "drivelly little comments". Everyone thats commented on the 1st issue said they have money up the ass and really not worth a shit.

I found the IFEL issue kind of monotonous and thought of sending it to Chuck Steak for the next Boring Contest.

Well, dada for now,
Gregg Pulchaski.

WELL, IT ALL went OK then. E am glad. Thank you for all the nice documentation. Cosey Fanni Tutti is in Germany near Mainxz, at art festival with er Fizzy Peat doing COUM transmissions in street. They plan to pour petrol into gutters and light it whilst cosey rips her clothes up and masterbates on lit candle in street, Fizzey covered in used tampex, milk bottles tied on to his fingers filled with blood and maggots, Cosey fingering her cunt, hits them with hammer and smashes them. They eat raw eggs and puke, then try to wash in vomit, then piss themselves and fuck, milk syringed up their arse. What German public might think finding this in their main shopping St.?

E stay her cos have to organise our big event of this year. A tour of 89 towns and villages. We need 700 pounds cash to do it. Petrol, etc. Each town we send 20 people on our list a postcard franked with that town, they can then follow us round our route. At end they have 89 collaged cards as set. The towns when you join em up on map like dot pics draws out a TREE. Hence, Tree Tour. Huge land escape painting.

What else? Well, we are working on poster design for COUM of part of an event. Got photo done by Sleazy Christoperson, new coum person. He is professional photographer, lived in New York and Calif. for a while. He is also a professional casualty. Means when ambulance service training for disaster, he simulates injuries. Cuts, burns, broken limbs, shock. So we now feature thrat slashing, etc. in our performances. Blood spurting, etc. Making a video with him on Monday at Royal College of Art for sexinbition in Ferrara which we ain't planned yet. Also working on our rock group, named THROBBING GRISTLE, label pornorock. More on that soon. Hope to have a button saying "I'M GREEDY FOR GRISTLE." Hee hee, hee.

Love to all, cari saluti,
Genesis P. Orridge
London, Eng.

DEAR KEN FRIEDMAN,

For sometime now, I have viewed my involvement in the eternal network as, indeed, futile, infantile and meaningless except that it was free. Free because cause I had liberated it from any monetary value. I've been brooding ever since receiving your mailing. After viewing your mention of Hoo Hoo in every way. Surely this ah joke. Hoo me? Bad art? Did you see some potential and wish to antagonize it out? No, Sweeney don't think so. How else could you speak so contemptuously of Hoo Hoo? A nonentity. Sweeney, in his insecurity, don't take kindly to insult.

There are part of the collective know as Hoo Hoo archives which can understand your essay as a sincere attempt to improve the quality of mail art, but not Sweeney. The amazing fact is, Sweeney has been staggering on the borderline for sometime. Sweeney is pissed off.

Sweeney, once again a high-tempered red-neck punk hick wants out of this silly game... to get out in a style befitting his life up to this point. One final art piece to top them all.

Sweeney says "Ken Friedman is a chickenshit of the first magnitude, and this one piece is going to void all my work preceding and following this event." Sweeney insists he's going to "whup his ass," meaning yours, Ken. Says "I'll stomp that bastard! Clean up the act! Indeed, I'll mop the floor with him." Says, "I'll find that son-of-a-bitch and I won't need a grant to do it.. My fists will experience a series of stoppages on his face."

SO, Ken, take heed. It's impossible to reason with Sweeney in such a rage.

We've arranged for Sweeney's journey to Calif. for the Banana Olympics. He's hopeful his "mean while" will coincide with the Art Meet, so it'll have a historical reference point for posterity. He knows what you look like. Sorry you don't have the same advantage. We'd advise you to steer clear of the Art Meet, if we were not afraid Sweeney's disappointment would only aggravate his anger. Sweeney has sworn to carry out this piece and vowed he'll not come home until it is completed.

Sweeney says: "If we choose Mail as a medium, why should one of the early people who freeed it up to be considered a valid medium put us down for making use of that freedom?

Yeah, I'm gonna turn his head head. "The insect", Sweeney Todd
Hoo Hoo Archives
Gurdon, Ark.

ACCORDING TO FILE (recent letter) File is a one man ego trip, with no pretense at otherwise... no longer give a damn about what Ant Farm & File think—should have let them roll off my back like water off a duck to begin with...Life brings mostly bliss!!! Whitson,
Western Dakota Junk Co.



DADA BROTHERS, Tim Mancusi and Bill Gaglione on the beach in San Francisco Bay, with Alcatraz Island in the background. Post cards of this unusual pair available at three for a dollar, postage paid. See enclosed flyer of VILE special offers for complete details.

What happens when VILE hits San Francisco?

As a VILE reader, it may interest you to know that a research study—already acclaimed as highly significant—has recently measured the number of Americans who read the magazine.

The answer may or may not surprise you: More than half of all men, women, and children over age 10 read VILE, regularly or occasionally in the course of 13 issues.*

With so many people reading VILE, we were curious to know what effect VILE may have on our pattern of modern living. So, our reporters set about to see.

They went to San Francisco, where nearly 3 out of every 5 people in the communities around San Francisco Bay are VILE readers.

They found some surprising things . . . VILE doubled the attendance at a local museum . . . it helped Frank Jackson, bank detective, track down a feminine forger . . . it jammed San Francisco's lively "365" Club with new customers . . . it changed teaching methods in a Chinese Mission School . . . in short, it affects the way San Franciscans think, eat, live and enjoy themselves.

A few examples of this influence are shown on the opposite page.

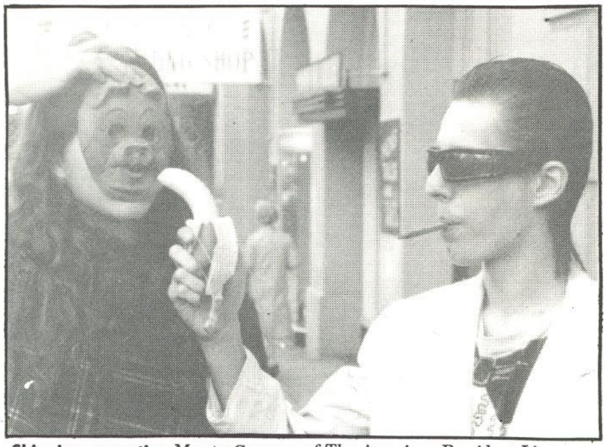
This influence, or impact, of VILE seems to be the same wherever the magazine goes. In every city, town, and hamlet VILE becomes part of the commerce and culture, the enlightenment and entertainment of the people of America.

* *From the new, important Accumulative Audience Study by Alfred Politz Research, Inc.*

This study measures the number of people who read a single issue of VILE (23,950,000 Americans), reveals how this audience grows in thirteen issues to a total audience of 62,600,000 different people, and analyzes the characteristics of that audience.

The figures quoted on these pages refer to the number of people who read one or more out of thirteen issues of VILE

What happens to people . . .



Shipping executive Monte Cazazza of The American President Line says: "San Francisco business interests are grateful forVILE's faithful reporting." San Francisco's top executives typify all America's business leaders. 70% of business executives, owners, and professional people read VILE.*



Cover girl Irene Dogmatic showsVILE's influence on one young person's career. Within a year after appearing inVILE, Jone had become a famous model, Miss California, and candidate for Miss America. Over 13 million young adults between 20 and 29 years old are included inVILE's audience.*

What happens to places . . .



Lowell High School civics instructor, Jim Neddleton says: "As soon as an essay appears in VILE bearing on civics, I mount it on the blackboards." To high school graduates, as to high school students, VILE is an absorbing weekly experience. 7 out of 10 Americans who finished high school readVILE*



At De Young Memorial Museum, in Golden Gate Park, attendance almost doubled the very next week after this picture of its Verrocchio statue appeared inVILE. The tremendous appeal of VILEto college-educated people is well known. 75% of all college-educated men and women readVILE.*

What happens to business . . .



Sporting-car distributors, the Banana Brothers, had to move to a bigger showroom after a VILE article on their cars boomed their business. Most of their sales were to people in the middle and upper-income groups. VILE readers number over two-thirds of all Americans in these income brackets.*



News about products advertised in VILE interests San Francisco women as it does all of the 31,550,000 readers in VILE's feminine audience.* To help them find these products easily, famous department stores such as City of Paris (above) regularly identify and display VILE advertised products.

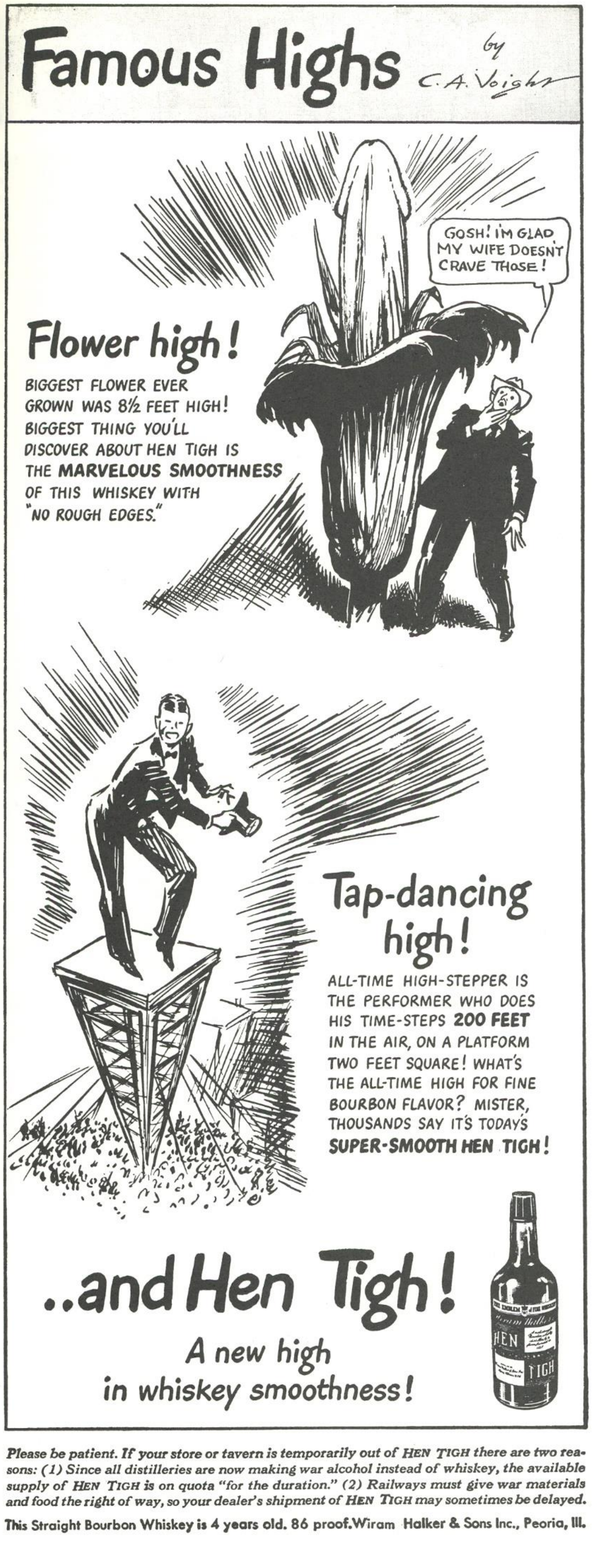
Betty Grable's Legs (continued)



Betty models a coat of her own design which features decorations of Army corps and rank insignia. Betty is one of the biggest pin-up favorites of servicemen everywhere.



In full-length portrait legs fall into a complete scheme. Betty's face, shown above, appears more frequently on the screen than her legs, but the legs carried it there.



ART'S BRIDE (OR MARIEN UNMAID) — Penny & Dwight Chalmers

The Idea, born out of Harlequin Romance: TO BE A BRIDE. The apotheosis of every teenage pyjama party. The Bride triumphant, for it's no mistake that the common accompaniment to a wedding is the march. An occasion of the military, militant glory. Years spent in preparation for The Day, practise in catching and keeping the suitable man. What else is a girl from Deep River, Ontario to do?

But then, slam, the Trap. After the ceremony, there remains the Fact. The Husband. An encumbrance Marien Lewis, as Free Woman, as busy directress of A Space Gallery, as Art Mother to more than one Art Mogyl, eschews. 40 years chained for a day of triumph—is it worth it?

Ho no, thought Marien, and with a logic that is the more brilliant as it is obvious, she Got married without Accoutrement. No mess, no bother. Everything under control, envisioned and directed by the single will. No groom. No priest. But lots of wedding cake, lots of glory, and guests in Attendance.

Invitations were printed, quite in conformity with formal tradition. Marien Lewis requests the honour of your presence. R.S.V.P. Engraved on the card, the procession of a Trojan matrons to be sacrificed. The frozen dignity of a frieze.

Reception to be held at the Edgewater Inn, an unlikely hotel, in the elderly suburbs of West Toronto, off the freeway, cornered by Finnish and Italian grocery stores. Now blowsy, the Edgewater had probably never seen better days. Its bar was brimming with smoke and racous laughter, the straight-backed chairs tilted back on their heels. The regulars inspected the guests entering, tilting back their caps at each irregularity of dress or bearing.

Here Marien had rented two rooms. The guests gathered in one, estimates ran from 40 to 100, packed. Two television monitors had been set up for them. On one of the monitors, the All Canadian spectacle of the Marriage of that great Canadian, Stompin' Tom Conners, even the bridal train, made in Canada. The other monitor presented a live videotape from the little room next door, where the Bridesmaids were preparing the Bride. Marien made up, before attentive eyes.

All is ready. Face. Hair. Dress. Hands smooth a stray wisp, a final pat. And then The Appearance. The stiffening flounce of crinoline. The bride radiates, in true tradition. It is purported afterward that there were some guests who didn't realize one of the videotapes was live. Imagine then, the Bride suddenly stepping of the screen into a dingy reality of crowded room and hotel corridor, a dream come true, second generation monitor.

Art's Bride! From conception to consummation. The self-enclosed bride moves graciously thru the crowd, which parts to make way for her train. Vesper candles light her passage, the passage from one world to another. Her light outshines the rest. From event to Event. The transformation from ritual to performance. It is no parody. The element of irony, the mock-marriage satirizing its conventional counterpart in real Life, that element is subdued in Marien's hope that the guests respond seriously to her reenactment of the familiar ceremony. Seriously, attentively, not solemnly. For it is a joyful occasion, a good time.

It is the fulfillment of a quest of fantasy, pursued to its logical conclusion, the sacrament of union without the fallout. The event of transformation without the transformer. Marien basks at the head of the receiving line, awaiting the penetration of the High Ghost, that subliminal stroke.

The usual plethora of photographers document the occasion, snap the guests, the video screen, images, images. The beam of sun glints off those powerful Leikas, splintering thru the dusty venetian blind, lighting the cake. " A woman's laughter, her fragrance, the rustling of garments as she crosses her legs, these seem to me to be psychic releasers, female synecdoches triggering feelings of love with the same force as biological releasers, like the smell of sweat that releases the tick from sometimes years of suspended animation and moves to complete the cycle of its life."

(Winston Fuller, "Entering the Hieros Gamos: Some Notes for the Bride and Groom")

It is this moment of marriage that releases all the releasers. The cross polination of the present in which the ghost only of the bridegroom predominates.



ENCLOSED ARE SOME spiffy examples of my work. Ain't they they got a nice German sterile quality about 'em—shit, I learnt it when I used to do commercial art. Actually, the real reason I'm writtin' is 'cause I knew ya could send me a list of art groupies so I can carry on the good work.

From the picture I just seen, ya ain't too bad lookin' yourself! Maybe we can get it on some time. Anyway, this here's a cockman who needs lots of inspiration, so help me round up some quail, hair pie, fur burgers, banana splits, or what have you. Ms. Banana, you're a real hep chic, but some of them perverts ya run round with need their asses kicked. Thanks again ya pretty little quim quake,

Herr Pie.
Louisville, Ky.

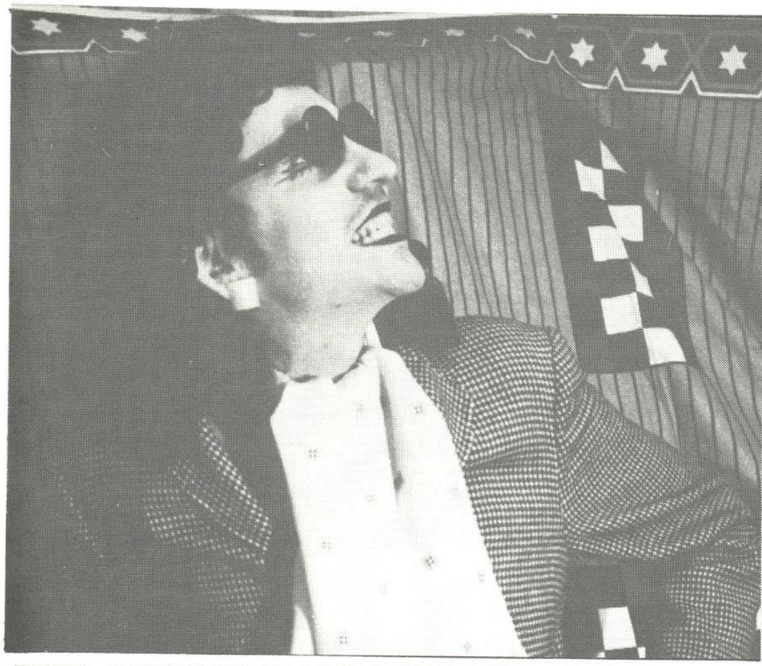


Photo by Steve Caravello

SENATOR APEHART TAKES A LONG, HARD LOOK AT PHOTOGRAPHS WHICH OFFENDED HIM

SENATOR ON WARPATH

Indiana's Senator Homer Apeheart (*left*), a large and explosive man who dearly loves a good verbal brawl, has had the time of his life the last two weeks. First the senator, prowling through the Library of Congress, found the photographs below, which had been taken at government expense. Pondering the photographs and the titles filed with them, the senator felt his blood pressure rise to exactly the high and When he discovered that the

THINGS TO DO—Charles Webb, Seattle

Rabbitpunch, spit on, berate,
Hex, foil, immolate,
Gibbet, undermine, negate,
Destroy, defame, defy,

Slur, slander, malign,
Denounce, bad-mouth, sling mud at,
Dishonor, ridicule,
Strafe, flog, enslime,

Damn, debauch, decapitate,
Infect, belittle, denigrate,
Harass, beleaguer, devastate,
Anathematize, purge,

Blight, plague, vex, beset,
Torture, tongue-lash, rail at,
Disparage, bombard, waylay,
Censure, blast, assail,

Piss in the mouth of, vitiate,
Assault, beshit, caluminate,
Pelt, fall upon, eviscerate,
Smash, efface, rub out,

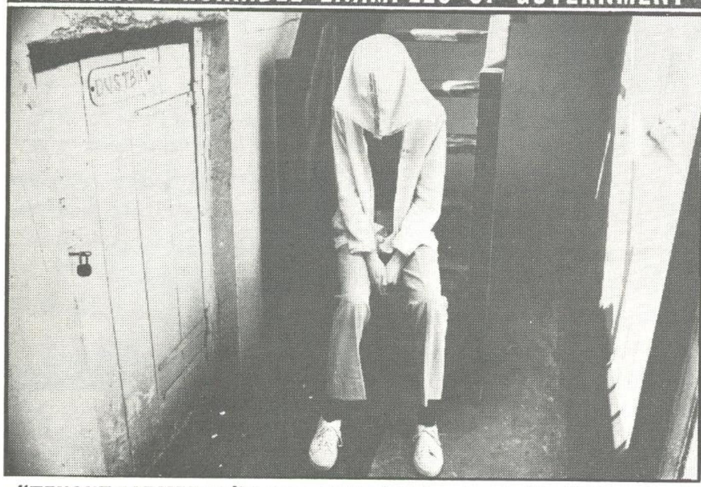
Stab, skewer, molest,
Lay waste to, slaughter, victimize,
Dismantle, tear down, raze,
Ruin, subvert,

Hash, topple, extinguish,
Put down, backstab, murder in sleep,
Mince, leprify, render
Of no avail,

Stomp, injure, undo, castigate,
Drive mad, de-ball, humiliate, ,
Demoralize, disintegrate,
Impale, rend, cripple, crush,

Etc.

APEHART'S HORRIBLE EXAMPLES OF GOVERNMENT CAMERA WORK



"TENANT FARMER reading newspaper to which he subscribes" is official caption of this Farm Security Administration photograph which is now in the Library of Congress.

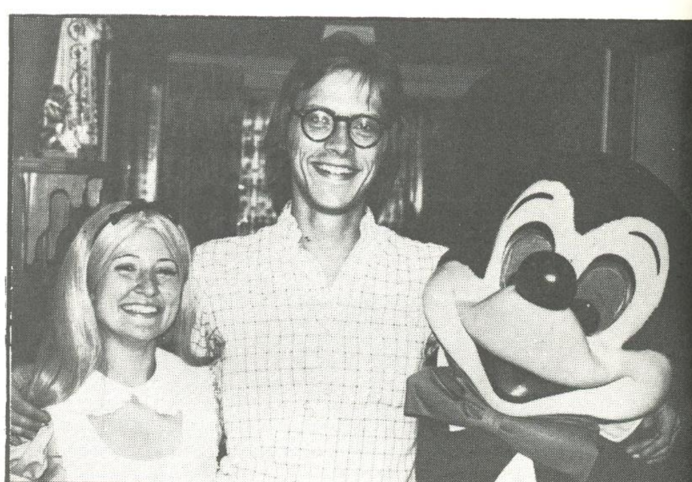


Photo by Anne Brazeau

"SPANISH MUSKRAT TRAPPER lying on his camp bed after too much whiskey and red wine" is title of this one. It was taken by FSA in Louisiana in 1941.



"GIRL SHOWING BOY her graduation ring." Said Apeheart in great amazement, "This picture simply shows two hands. That is all. It makes absolutely no sense whatever."



"THREE WOMEN, probably government clerks, waiting for a bus on a fall afternoon." After studying it Apeheart announced, "It shows the backs of three ladies."

Tzara's GAS HEART - new film is a gas!

BLASTING WITH BARK! – by Bark Blarett

Rex and Rona eat your hearts out! Bark Blarett, first name in filmdom gossip, has done it again. Yes, yours truly as the sole reporter at a private unedited screening of Gas Heart was first again.

You heard right. The dadaist play that shook the 591 Gallerie is now a film of monumental caliber. And what a film it is! Shot entirely on location, the Tzara classic effectively employs such San Francisco landmarks as historic Ghiradelli Square, Aquatic Park, and the famed Casa Domel y Gama Lond Tea Gardens.

The six major stars of the play are now forever immortalized on celluloid.

First Lady of the American Stage, Miss Leslie, has chucked her "woman of the world" image, and emerges as the earthy and malicious nose.

Blonde Bombshell, Dadaland, is vivacious as the mouth. The sight of him in sheer yellow tights, accentuating perfect gams, sends quivers down this reporters spine.

For the swashbuckling set, we have the virile Sir Charles leaping around like a modern day Errol Flynn. A dashing Captain Blood in ear drag.

Also featured is the deliriously delightful Darling Darlene. Charming as ever in the role of eyebrow. One is reminded of Hamlet as Darlene prances about accompanied by book and beret.

Bark Blarett hereby nominates for superstardom Gamalond as the intense and shrewish neck. Surely one of this years best performances.

The screening room was suddenly all tears and Kleenex as veteran actor Ed Zzo, though mangled by a near fatal accident, gave new hope to the handicapped with his skilled interpretation of the eye.

Besides the forementioned Superstars, the movie version has some great cameo appearances. Let me mention them now.

As a crazed drug addict making a banal attempt to free the players from facist police terrorism, Rama Lama comes off quite believable.

Cast as a noveau riche film photographer, Anna Banana brings new laurels to her already distinguished career. This no doubt is a spoof on Anna's longtime archrival Candice Bergen.

Also cameoed is Tim Mancusi, clad in shocking pink, as the beautiful, radiant DA. Equally alluring is John Bogardus as a sensuous interviewer. In one scene Bogardus is bedecked with enough red hair to make even Ann-Margaret sigh with envy.

Though a brilliant director in real life, Joel Rossman playing a director is quite another story. The once debonair director turned actor often comes off looking lackluster, Chaplinesque, and even just plain silly. Cinematographers using highly technical camera angles (Gas Heart has many) cannot cover up what time has done to Rossman's face. I for one, hope this performance is edited from the film before it goes into general release.

More notable performances are those of Jane Crownover as a beauticious banana and new comer Ed Howell as the impish Robot. The doorman suavely enacted by Vince Cozzitorti is adequate though sadly mute.

Last of all, let me not forget the tear jerking performance of Dawn Gaglione. Tatum O'Neal could pick up a few tricks from this young ingenue. Ms. Gaglione plays a talented but sad young ballerina, mercilessly exploited by her father, the Mouth.

There is not enough space to go on about the dynamic costumes, the thousands of extras, the fabulous musical score. The lines at the box office quarantee Gas Heart is a sure bet in the upcoming Oscar Sweepstakes.

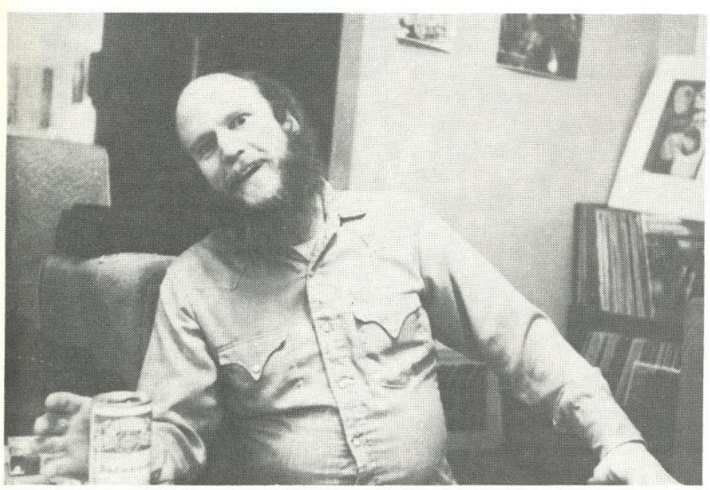


Photos by Jeff Olsen

The complete cast of the Bay Area Dadaist production of Tzara's Gas Heart, on location at Aquatic Park. Left to right, back row: DA-Tim Mancusi, DA-John Bogardus. Middle Row: Frank Castrada (banana), Ed Zzo, Darling Darlene, Ed Howel (robot), Dadaland, Sir Charles, Gary Rosen (guitar). Front Row: Gama Lond, Vince Cozzitorti, Jane Crownover (banana) and Miss Leslie. Director Joel Rossman was too busy directing the photographer and cast, to get into the picture.



Gary Rosen (left) supplies background music for superstardom nominee Gama Lond in her dramatic rendering of the intense and shrewish neck, on location, Aquatic Park, San Francisco.



"THRESHING HAND taking a drink" was taken in Maryland. Apeheart had no chance to comment because Maryland's Senator Bydings cried, "The best in the lot."



"A MEMBER of the audience at a Catholic evidence guild rally in Logan Circle, Washington." Apeheart questioning this title, complained sadly, "It shows but one person."



DEAR KEN FRIEDMAN,
I congratulate you on your successes as you see them, Ken Friedman, but my confidence in your judgement is not bolstered any by your personal dictations of who is "doing good" or "better" or "not best" or "marketable" work. I am sure Ken Friedman can justify and verify his own actions to no end if he finds a real need to do so. Ken Friedman's reference to the SLUJ "circuit" however makes me suspect as to the authenticity of his "omni-art-consciousness." S-period, L-period, U-period, J-period— After all, Ken Friedman, you make it sound like something I've never heard of, like a number of the other references seemingly closer to your own center of perception. Until so stated, I considered you a participant in that as much as myself, not for our similarity, but for recognizing its open attitude and potential for an unencumbered mode of expression.

For that matter the material from hither and yon about Ken Friedman is of such a promotional nature that it fits more comfortably into the realm of SLUJ than much of what I do. Even Ken Friedman's latest letter essay is tinged with that self-serving zeal of a politician. We're ALL doing all right, Ken Friedman, and I appreciate the confidence you show in us by bringing your thoughts and feelings our way. I will respond by continuing to use your name whenever convenient and appropriate. To set the issue in its essence and/or absurdity, how would you suggest changing our "art" so that more people would like and/or buy it?

The quote by Oscar Wilde seems fitting, "Vulgarity is that in which everyone else engages."
Frank Ferguson,
BUFFALO ENERGY CO.
Bozeman, Montana.

CATASTROPHE AND CATASTROPHE ART
by Hans-Werner Kalkmann

A catastrophe is a "natural or historical event which-although gradually built-up - in a sudden overthrow, destroys a pattern of life to such an extent that a restoration which could continue the so far existing scheme is almost impossible." (Kleiner Brockhaus, 1954 Vol. 1, P. 621)

With regard to this definition there are two main parts in this article: one which deals with catastrophe in a more "general sense" and another which deals with art so far as it is concerned with catastrophe as a theme or subject matter (perhaps with a catastrophic development of the art as well). Dependent on my work in recent years the result of which was the foundation of the "Central Administration of Artistic Environment Defence" (in 1969) I restrict myself here to the subject of ecology.

Refering to the above quoted definition we must state that the ecological catastrophe is still to come but that we have reached the point which marks the beginning of the break-down of our ecological systems, which is a closed system.

I only mention one publication dealing with these problems: 'Ehrlich and Ehrlich: Population, resources, environment;Issues of Human Ecology - San Francisco/ London 1970/72 . Ehrlich not only shows objectively the consequences of our ruinous exploitation as it is practiced at the moment and even developed even further without consideration for the future but they also point out how this catastrophe is to be avoided.

Talking of the ecological catastrophe I mean that this is the first real catastrophe man has even encountered except the deluge (which of course was not caused by man but which put him in a rather similar position). The ecological catastrophe not only implies starvation, pestilence and war but is an overall collapse at the end of which life will cease to exist . Many things will come together: hunger, overpopulation, diseases, pollution of the natural 'elements of life' (air, water, soil), climatic changes, etc.

That is the comprehensive catastrophe artists are concerned with and the result of their work is what we call "catastrophe art." The intention of their engagement is clear to prevent this catastrophe. The ways in which the different artists deal with these problems vary considerably. I want to discuss some of them and to point out which way they try to 'convey their message':

1. The demonstrative presentation of the situation (which comes very near to agitation),

2. The encoding of information (supplied by the scientists and its transformation by means of artistic ways of demonstration)

3. The denial of the problems in the outward shape of the piece of art - but with a subliminal influence on the consumer's conscience.

When people are confronted with the work of an artist (as described under No. 1 who puts a heap of rubbish in an exhibition-room, who allows organic substances to rot and decay or makes propaganda for a clean countryside on a poster. They ask what the value of this information is and unfortunately the majority of people come to the conclusion that there is nothing new for them. (Mass media give more instructive reports on these problems as their technical facilities are much better.

Method No. 2 is probably the most common one at the moment: more and more artists cooperate with scientists or convert results of scientific research. There are two reasons for that:
1st - many artists hold the opinion that producing objects of purely aesthetic quality (paintings, sculptures etc.) is without sense when at the same time man is going to ruin himself and has not time left to appreciate those pieces of art.
2nd - some artists are engaged in this field of art because they are more fascinated by it than only the problems of form and color. The result is an amalgamation of both tasks. One also has to take into account the posibilities of mass media. With their help, the results of an artist's work can be presented to a maximum of recipients. Compared to that: who looks at an etching or oil-painting in a museum or art gallery? That is why we find works of art especially conceived for TV (video works), as advertisements published in newspapers or as mail circulars or post cards. To books and magazines as the more traditional means of distribution some artists add streetsigns or graphs in public places (changing the names of streets).

As far as the third method is concerned, I want to quote: Tolstoy(from: "Uber Kunst", Berlin 1900): "If contemporary art is incomprehensible to the mass this is not because it is too good as the artists pretend. If this art is incomprehensive for the majority of people then the reason simply is that it is bad or no art at all."

This quotation also includes a clear statement of the political relevance of art and "catastrophe art" cannot be released from a serious check-up in this respect. But that would lead beyond the scope of this article.

To sum up, we say that the aim of "catastrophe art" is to initiate processes which guarantee that man will survive. But the addressee is neither the capitalistic art dealer nor the often mentioned worker. "Catastrophe art" tries to address various groups within society which share the opinion that our idea of progress does not lead to real progress. On the contrary it has negative consequences for all men and in the long run it even deprives us of all chances to survive. As Marcel Jamco put it: "Progress is the herald of the A-bomb."

Helps Shorten Working Hours







STANDING BEHIND WINDOW OF RADIO CONTROL BOOTH, SLATER TALKS INTO STUDIO OVER A LOUDSPEAKER AND PUTS FOUR SEAMEN AND A GIRL INTO A HYPNOTIC TRANCE



Photo by Tom Simon

Under Slater's sway, a hypnotized seaman goes through motions of typing an imaginary letter. Other subjects sit or stand around in a trance, waiting to be told to do something.

MICROPHONE HYPNOSIS

High-speed Svengali wants to dehypnotize Germany

Many people find that almost any radio program has a hypnotic effect on them, inducing a deep slumberous trance. A couple of weeks ago the Blue Network took a step toward carrying this involuntary hypnosis a little farther by helping Dr. Ralph Slater show that he could intentionally hypnotize people over the radio. Dr. Slater's main purpose was to demonstrate his unique method of winning the war.

Ralph Slater is a high-speed hypnotist who says that the Germans have been hypnotized into fighting this war by Hitler's high-pitched voice and microphone technique. As proof, he has photographs which show Germans sitting around in a trance. Slater insists that he can dehypnotize them by short-wave radio.

To demonstrate, Slater sat some subjects in a New York City studio, went into the control room where they could not see him and, by talking through a microphone, put them into a trance. Then he came out and made them do the silly things all hypnotists make their subjects do. Although the performance was not broadcast, Slater said it showed that he could hypnotize people by radio. It did not show anything else. Slater thinks Hitler hypnotized Lindbergh when he pinned the medal on the flier in 1938. But Göring pinned the medal on, not Hitler. Still Slater wants to broadcast to Germany, would also like to put on domestic show.



Saw her again last night,
long green teeth and texas manners.
Saw her again tonight,
large flat feet in colored stockings.
And as we watched as soldiers walled
her mother's windows,
one young and very small fear
passed away.
Michael St. Vitus
Cincinnati, Ohio

THANKS FOR YOUR last "banana report." It came just in time to appear in the next issue (5) The Blue Fun-Dangos. Please send other report for the next as soon as possible (I hope text and pictures).

Nice that you're showing in Belgium. It's not so far from here. If I have the time, I'll go to see the show.

It is possible that we'll go to New York for some weeks next summer.

After Fun-dangos is finished I'll go to Paris with performances. I'm working in a new project Fun-dangos video interview.
Until next time,
Raul Marroquin,
FANDANGOS
Maastricht, Netherlands

THANK YOU VERY much for your answer to my letter. I was sending my review LA HONDURAS under seperate cover. I'm waiting your works for La Honduras (Can you say it to Daddaland, Dada-Processing, etc.)

I like very much your International Art Meet that I knew later.

We would like to have regular exchange with you about your works (magazines, books, publications, etc.) and the "works" we do. We are FUN-ART, an international experimental artist group and review.

Look forward to receiving yours soon.
Santiago Mercado
FUN-ART/LA HONDURAS
Madrid, Spain.

No, you've got it all messed up. She was trying to step over, but she lost her balance, stuck her foot right in it and grabbed for something to hang on to. *THAT'S* when I heard him yell. Now hurry and eat your banana split before it melts.

Davi Det Hompson.

Not so long ago one day,
by some terrible goodfortune,
I was blessed by a vision.
While children slept,
and mothers cooked,
While salesmen soaped and
chimneys fumed,
and all went home or on their way,
and time had stalled just between
city blocks.
Looking up in time to be the only one
I'm sure
to see one blonde and lovely sad angel
float between the building spaces,
slowly waving her bloody stumps.
Michael St. Vitus,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

CATSHIT MOTHER PIECE
— John M. Bennett

MATERIALS:
- A buttery yellow coffee cup.
- A fresh pile of catturd, from one shitting of one cat, not too hard, not too soft.
- A small amount of skim milk, about 2 tablespoons full.
- Several long strands of a young woman's hair, any color that pleases the ritual's performer.
- A refrigerator that is in actual use in the performer's home, filled with whatever it is usually filled with.
- A can of spray shellac.

PLACE:
- In front of the refrigerator in its usual place in the kitchen.

TIME:
- 10 am on any weekday.

RITUAL:
- Place catshit neatly in cup. It would be nice if the cat could shit directly into the cup so the shit will not be disturbed in any way, but will look like it's fresh from the cat's ass, untouched by human hands or tools.
- Place the hairs in the cup. It should look like they fell in there naturally.
- Carefully place the skim milk in the cup.
- Place the cup in the refriterator, at the center of the center shelf.
- Close refrigerator door.
- Stand quietly in front of the door, facing it, and breathe deeply for 10 minutes, trying to think of nothing. While you are doing this, hold the can of spray shellac in your hand. When the 10 minutes have passed, spray a 10 second burst of shellac at the middle of the door. Then place the can of shellac on the floor and open the door.
- Kneel in front of the open door facing the refrigerator's interior.
- Lower your pants, raise your skirt, or whatever is required and masturbate to orgasm.
- Remain in the kneeling posture for 10 minutes, then, in the following order, wipe off, get up, adjust clothing, and close refrigerator.

COMPLETION:
- The piece will be complete when when the cup and its contents remained in the refrigerator for 10 days.

ACTION "The Artist is to Service of the Community"
— Clement Padin, Uruguay

A man (or a woman) with a placard (or edit) in your hand or write in your back or in your breast that say: THE ARTIST IS TO SERVICE OF THE COMMUNITY, walk between the people participating in the art-meet. This showman is obliged to help to all the participants, especially the public and others: p.e. : to carry in the arms to the spectators, and all service compound interest for the meet (you imagine others things, o.k.?) Please send photos of this event.

Theory (gruggg. . . !) The language of the facts will operate not only at the ideological level as the others languages, but also on reality itself due to the character of its sign: the act.

The sign of the action-language is to help to the people the edit or placard is a necessary redundance of this sign. The sign (to help to the people) operate immediately on reality, the others languages (the signs) operate mediately. The act is the work.

Dear, this is my event proposed. Do you like? No, you don't like it, but it has GARRA.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLAR PROPOSITION - Monte Cazazza

The purpose of this proposition is to find someone who has enough balls to put up one of his balls. Essentially, I am looking for a person who will play Russian Roulette with one of his balls.

The subject will receive a small caliber six shot revolver. One bullet will be placed in the revolver, and the cylinder will be spun. The gun will be handed to the subject who then has the choice of spinning the cylinder again or not. The subject will then place the barrel against his ball and press the trigger. His ball will be positioned in such a way that his one ball will be the only thing blown off in the event that the gun fires. A doctor will be in attendance in case any medical care is needed.

The subject wins $1000 if the gun does not fire a bullet after the first attempt, and the subject possesses both of his balls after the trigger has been pulled. If the gun does fire, the subject is wounded, he will receive free medical care, but will now win $1000.

The price of this piece will be determined upon negotiations between the artist and the buyer, and also upon enactment of this event.

I do expect the buyer to:
1. Put up the $1000 in the event the subject wins.
2. Pay for all medical expenses that may be necessary.
3. Pay for any legal expenses which may be incurred.
4. Put up the money to pay for the video-audio record that will be made upon the enactment of this event.

For this sum, the buyer will receive the complete video-audio record of this event; also any and all documents concerning the event, which will be joined to the video-audio record to complete the piece.
Monte Cazazza,
Berkeley, Ca.

RUMOR HAS IT. . .

A.A. Bronson and the staff of FILE magazine have moved to New York.

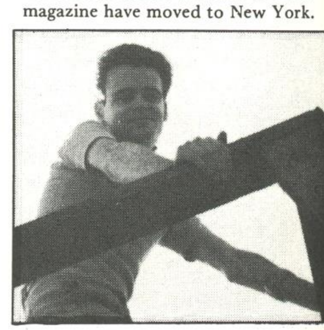


Photo by Anna Banana

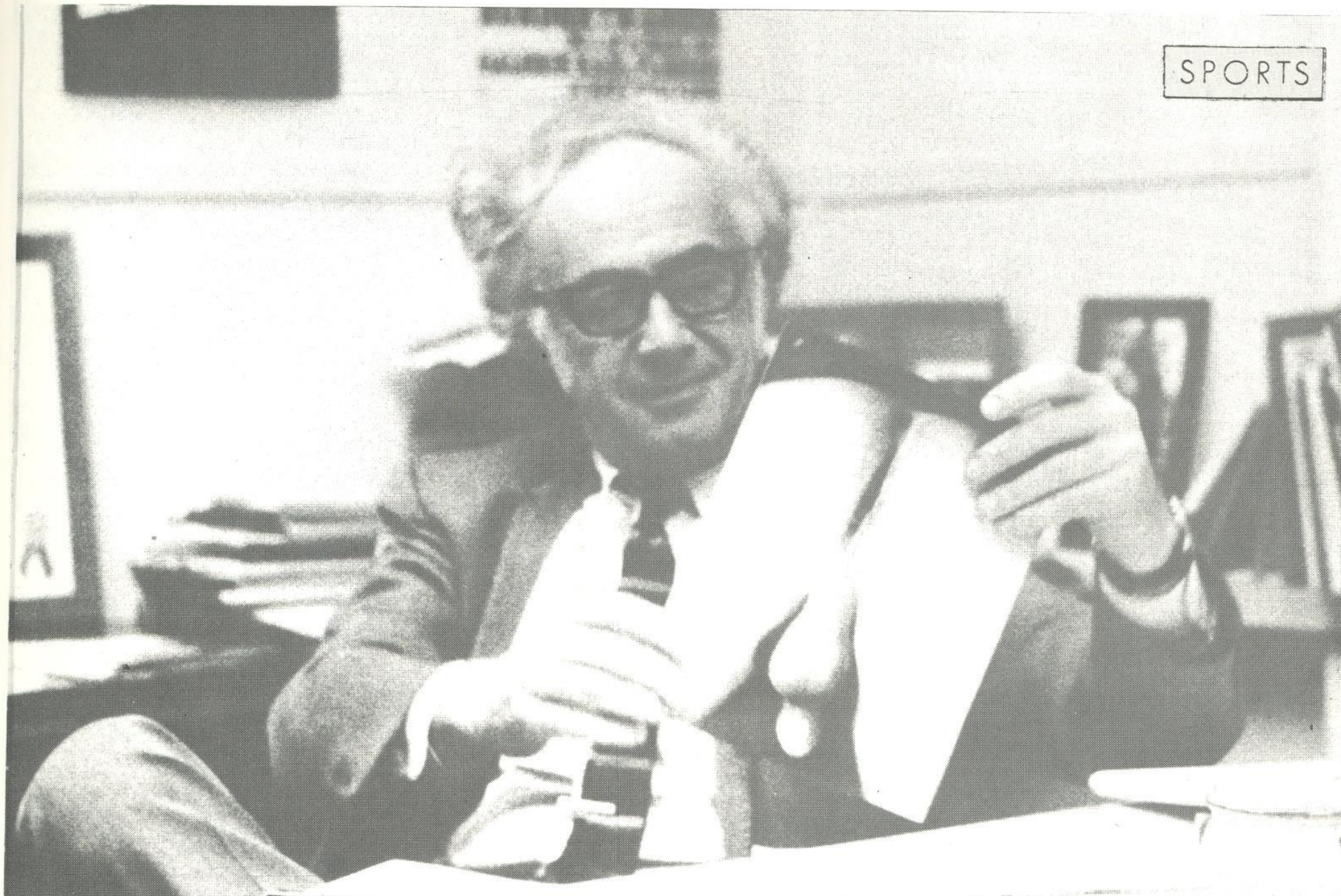


Photo: Otis Eye Niles

FIND THE ASSHOLE IN THIS PICTURE

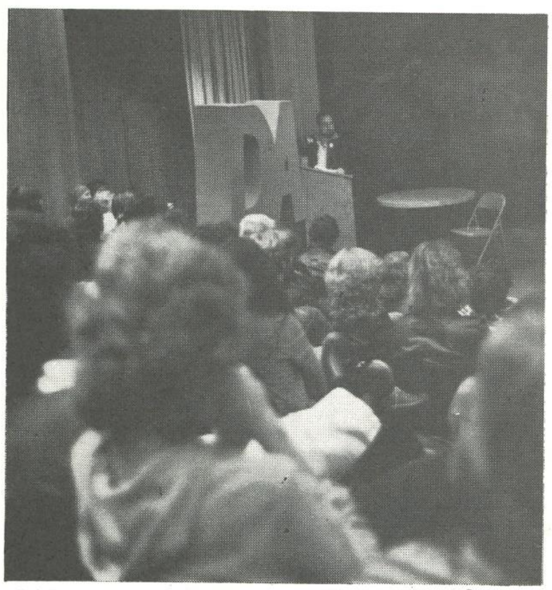
OUTDOOR LIVING

Buffalo science museum teaches city folk how to have fun in the woods

November 1969, Berkeley. The offal Peter Slutch is shown here in his U.C.C. oriface entertaining Pauly M. Purr-Verse of Trans-Parent Teacher's Ink. Slutch is examining "The Last Anal-As-Is", a sculpture by God. In the same inner-view, Slutch was asked if he would buy a check-detail in a drawing by T.T. I. to help in the costs of the upcoming "Benefit of the Doubt." He was told that the three hundred dollars written on the check will be worth $3,600 when the drawing is redeemed by a collector.

"I'm sorry, but all my money is tied up right now," Slutch slimed. "Sell one of your Giacomettis' then!" ejaculated People's Prick. "Giacometti's dead and we are alive!"

Slutch's sphincter snapped its shudder. "I'm sorry but I don't see anything tangible here," he admitted. Trans-Parent Teacher marked "No interest" on this routine checo of Institutional -eyes'd ignor-ance.



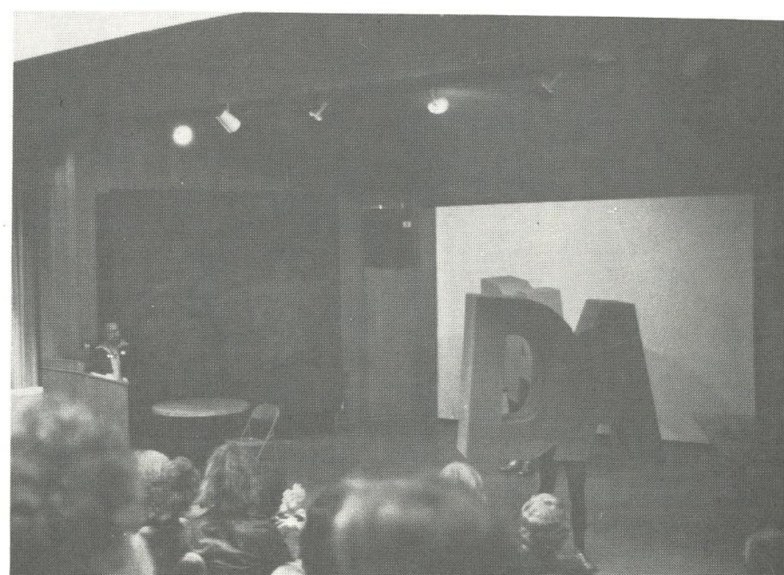


Photo by Anna Banana

DADA BROTHERS Mancusi and Gaglione interrupt a lecture on Surrealism at the San Francisco Art Institute October 27/75 by Arturo Schwarz, collector, scholar, writer and publisher of Dada and Surrealism, from the University of Milan.

SPACECO : NO. 1 ACE

WHAT HE LEARNED ON A DAKOTA FARM HELPED HIM DOWN 26 JAPS

ACE SPACE COMPANY to ANGELA PATERAKIS, SCHOOL OF ART INSTITUTE, Chicago.
Dear Angela
Ace space Company is secured this morning in the Hall of Closets at The Western Front and regrets that he must write to you and explain that the current (Mar. 8/74) fuel situation will prevent him from participating in the 1974 NAEA workshop in April. When I made my commitment to Ruth last summer, all of this was not a reality, and I had planned on a four day trip from Vancouver to Chicago in time for the co ference. I have a show closing here in B.C. on the 5th which I am responsible for breaking down and moving. There is no gas on Sunday, and the Saturday supplies are uncertain. It's just not possible.

I am hoping that there is still enough time for you to find a replacement. If you would like, I could still put together an event through the mails which could easily be considered within the "Expanded Media" concept—No charge, of course, but I should have some idea to whom this kind of event would be directed.

Drop me a line if you would like to do this, and please accept my sincere apologies for this change of plans.

Signed, Dana Atchley,
SPACECO.

WHY I CREAMED GOOKS AT RANDOM IN VIETNAM WITH TOTAL DISREGARD FOR THEIR AGE, SEX OR RELIGIOUS AFFILIATIONS
— G.I. Johnny Gutz, USMC, retired.

War is hell and a guy needs a hobby for those long hours away from the pungy stakes. A lot of the guys in my unit played guitar, drank beer or shot smack for R&R. Not me, G.I. Johnny Gutz, U.S. M.C., Ret. I found that the only way I could come down off the incredible high of blowing the holy living shit out of defenseless men, women and children was to, in fact, abuse their gook-ridden dead flesh neolithically. This I did proudly and often.

Once I found one little head with pits for eyes and half a tongue. Right into the old kettle. Campbells could learn a lot from me, Johnny Gutz, U.S. Nec., extrodinaire, believe me . . .

Then there was my popular schrapnel and commie chunk style gravy which seperates the men from the boys when I ladle it out over braised slant brains. I'm not one to brag so I'll sign off now with my best wishes for your cooking and eating pleasure.

* * *

VILE 5 ONLY SMALL sections of postal art? Does that mean we have to bring them in person? All things mailed are postal art. No more correspondence art . . . then what is VILE going to be? No. 1 was so infinitely better than No. 4, lots of words but no one saying anything. Best thing was the cover. Dada literary caused riots in the streets. Most of the stuff people wrote in No. 5 will cause bordem in the mailbox.
THUS SPOKE ZARADADA
Gregg Pulchaski
491 MAGAZINE
Buffalo, NY.

I HAVE RECEIVED lots of material [for Hosanna Banana Show] and will put it eventually on show, but I would like to print a catalogue in which every one of the items received will be reproduced, but this takes time and with all the work in my hand now I cannot do this until next October.
Warm personal regards.
Arturo Schwarz
SCHWARZ GALLERIA D'ART
Milan, Italy.

ENCLOSED IS TEN bucks.. Please send me as many back issues as that will buy. Or if it buys more back issues than you have issued, issue me some new issues as they are issued. If you have more back issues than ten bucks will buy, please youze your judgement to send me a representative sampling of what you've been up to. I wanna get a subscription, too, but that can be handled after I get what you already got.

Maybe your publication costs more than ten bucks? If so, please forward one copy to me, and bill me for the balance. I assure you my credit is shitty, but my intentions are good.
Cordially,
Theron J. Kelley
STRAIGHT TURKEY PUBLICATIONS
Tarzana, Calif.

GARY KING SHOWED us VILE 1 and we love it. Sure hope you have a couple left. Enclosed is $2.50 for 2 copies plus a few cents for Uncle Sam's inflationary postal service.

If 1 is gone and you have 2 ready we'd get real excited. if its anything like No. 1. Keep it up!
Robin Steckler
Sherman Oaks, Ca.

* * *

5. Do you feel at all dissatisfied with your present trip?

6. Have you ever felt like you were something different from what society says you are?

7. Have you ever felt that you were an animal at heart and didn't fit into the Established Social Reality?

7. Has life in general ever seemed hopelessly absurd and futile?

SUGGESTIONS — Charles Webb-Seattle

(1) Give machines sex organs, so when they fuck you, you can fuck them back.
(2) Revive vampirism, so kids will have something romantic to fear.
(3) Demand postage stamps commemorating Great Diseases.
(4) Invent armor guaranteed to stop The Shaft.
(5) Win the Pope's trust, then open your mouth at him while eating an egg salad sandwich..
(6) Elect only bulls to public office, so we'll expect what they give us.
(7) Let an insurance salesman in your house "to talk about it," show him your crocodile pit and your dog Limb-Ripper ready to drive him in unless he buys Girl Scout Cookies, Boy Scout Jamboree tickets, and the Brooklyn Bridge. Spend at least an hour pitching each item.
(8) Bombard the patent office with improved kinds of puke.
(9) Give racehorses names like Coleslaw, Clabber, Impotence, so that rich creeps will have to say them, print them, sink fortunes into them, and the roar of "Come on Toasted Cheese," "Go Clitoris," and "Now, Dark Hemorrhoid," will enter and rejuvinate the air.



"Mae West" life preserver which 28-year-old Captain Joe Toss is wearing here saved his life when he crashed into the water after downing three Jap planes in a single engagement.

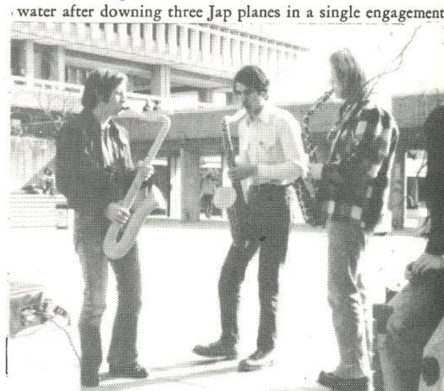


Photo by Anna Banana

"Me and my boys." Captain Toss (*left*) poses with his fellow fliers beside the Grumman Wildcat which he flew at Guadalcanal. Below, Toss sports a mustache and goatee.

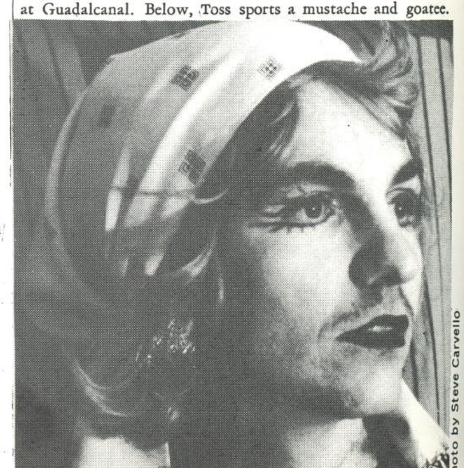


Photo by Steve Carvello

"ANY QUESTIONS?"

ARE YOU A POTENTIAL LAZY NICKEL?
1. Do you feel spiritually and socially alienated from the society in which you live?
2. Are you a true seeker of the enlightened way?
3. Have you ever felt that the world was doomed if something isn't done right away to change it?
4. Have you ever wanted to join together with a group of people and change the world but didn't because nobody would listen to you or thought you were wierd?
8. Have you ever felt utterly without self-identity, like you weren't anybody?
9. Have you ever felt complete nothingness, an absolute emptiness in which your mind was left in a state of chaos?
10. Are you constantly plagued by odd coincidences and incidents of synchronicity?
11. Have you ever felt like you've been here before (ie. do you believe in reincarnation)?
12. Do you believe you have hidden powers that you are consciously unaware of because of certain "strange occurances" that have happened to you now and again?
13. Do you ever have the feeling that something is about to happen (ie. is already happening) to the world that nobody really understands completely and that you are a part of the Change?
14. Have you ever wanted to "get involved" and do something for a change instead of just sitting around and talking about it but never really got around to it because everything seemed so useless and absurd?
15. Are you sick and tired of having nerve gas and oil dumped into your oceans, poisonous chemicals and industrial wastes in your streams, rivers and lakes, smog and soot polluting your air, your meadow lands and woods exploited for capitalistic gain, your minds deranged and corrupted by an unscrupulous National Media, being told what you should and should not need, what you can and cannot think?

If you have answered yes to at least 7 of these questions, you're probably ready for a copy of "The Lazy Nickels Action Philosophy". Send $2 to: BUFFALO GHOST DANCE PRODUCTIONS Box 39436, Los Angeles, Ca. 90039





Photo by Dadaland

L. to R., Arturo Schwarz (Milan) and Daniel Spoerri (Paris) spar over Andre Breton for entertainment of Bay Area Dadaists Anna Banana and Tim Mancusi at a post-lecture party at the home of Elane Ganz, whose European Gallery is currently showing Spoerri's works. Joined (bottom photo) by Stephen Schwartz, "Art Bolshevic" of Cappola's CITY Magazine (SF), who was responsible for arranging Schwarz's lecture at the San Francisco Art Institute, Monday, October 27, 1975.



Two great regulars of Britain's *Information Please* are Joad (*left*) and Huxley. (Sir William Beveridge in background is a guest expert.) Question here is: "Which great life stories would the Brains Trust like to be filmed?" Professor Joad suggests Socrates, his hero. Question-Master cracks: "A talkie, I presume?" Huxley follows with Darwin and Mohammed. Beveridge wants the movies to do the life of Sarah Jennings, wife of the great Duke of Marlborough.



Third regular is Commander Campbell (*right*). He and Joad are sold as plaster book ends in England. He answers the movie question by suggesting a life of Samuel Plimsoll, 19th Century shipping reformer. Commander Gould, at left, cracks that a life of Socrates might illustrate peril of argument, since Socrates was asked to commit suicide. Gould suggested instead a movie life of Captain James Cook, unargumentative surveyor of the Pacific and Antarctic.

Amazing Professional Mothproofing Method now available for home use



NO ODOR · NO WRAPPING · NO STORING AWAY

IT WAS A DELIGHT to get your Banana Rag. But it came too late to cover in the paper which has gone to press, bagged and in the mail! What can I say? What a shame. Too bad we didn't know about it earlier—would have been pure delight to have been there.

Saw you in full drag in Esquire in some bookshop in Auckland but was too broke to buy a copy. Wondered how it got organized or if it just happened. hmmmmm?

Hope you got your copy of Inch Art. I am just now getting messages from people saying they have received it—unfortunately there will be a lot of changed addresses by now. I may ask Klaus to make an announcement to let people know its around. May even ask him to be a distributor—the problems of being transient!

Got a couple of copies of the new publication in the sea waves for you—hold your breath underwater.

Bob, the guy I've been working with thinks you're a real tomato for a banana. Did you take Italy by storm? Didn't Chuck Stake Don Mabie mention you in some explanation of the origins of post? Seems to me. Banana Olympics indeed!
The best to you,
Terry Reid,
INCH ART/OPEN DRAWERS
Mildura, Australia.

COVER PHOTO:
Vol. 3 No. 1 (5) Kathleen de Wilbur and Dr. Richard Miller, photo by Daddaland.
Vol. 2 No. 2 (4) Subject unknown, photo by Jim deSana

STILL THE LAST TIME THE ONLY DIFFERENCE — Michael Cooper

Still, how often had I foreseen the prediction of the perfection of the immaculate conservation. This time, for once and for all, tentatively disrupted by the various elements contained within the inherent solution of the situation leading hopefully to the solution of the various elements contained within the elements of any given state of affairs the solution leading to the ultimate reconciliation of the various elements contained within the various elements of any situation the solution would seem to indicate a possible reconciliation of the various elements contained within the various elements of any given state of affairs the solution.

The last time, the one and only time, the first second and third places returned after each segment. This time alone the fabric returned to the place from whence they came, how long afterwhich the approach would seem to imply a gradual assertion of several comings and goings, arrivals and departures, hasty and undifferentiated, classified and random, displaced and fabricated, formed and disuaded, artichoked but not forloned, festered yet not misunderstated, cotorized yet as preconceived as undulation, folly be not pearled, fluid without being uncontrolled, felled while not being over-anxious, foolhearty, althouth moth-eaten unpretentious, knarled much for stick fit moo reached stock pool friend peel rebuke mot pit net mule seal coarse stem mint stool cringe carcass stark stalk stork tool talk.

The only difference this time is this that and the other thing which could not be confirmed or relinquished beforehand without counter-action restored for disturbance confessed or rebuttalled beforehand—my corset is undone, they are all watching me from all undersides the main vanity this time being that my resolution is indesputably congruent with the factors of alliteration my status could not be deceived—as we had formerly believed to be the case of things to come or not to go and so on and so forth without negating my saturn of forces began to detect any difference without the dearest reference of any forclosure with the sum total of all the parts concerned without question the only difference this time being without question the place and part and parcel for which Pascal was so well known.

ODE TO A BANANA Eternal Marshmellow Reedsburg, Wisconsin.

Oh, banana, What manner of fruit are you? With your gleeming yellow skin and inner lucious succulence?

Oh, my dear, dear banana. You have been the unsung hero of many a person's secret thoughts and needs.

Asking nothing for yourself, you are always there in the hour of need. When we simple mortals are in need of a sympathetic soul to listen to our problems you are always there. Never talking back or criticizing, you hear us and keep to yourself our innermost thoughts.

You brighten up our surroundings by your mere presence. When you first enter our homes you are the most beautiful shade of yellow. The longer you are with us, the more your color enhances. From that first bright yellow day through the dark brown spots to that rich black softness with its pungenty sweet smell you are with us.

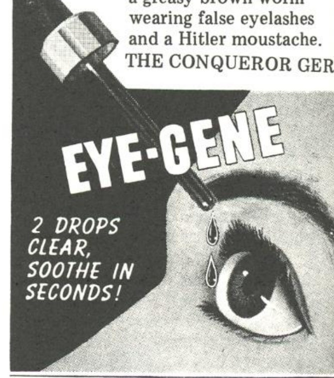
When all is said and done, you are always good to eat. Mmmmmmm.



Toss's widowed mother is 64 but still does a man's work on her 300-acre farm. Sitting by his picture in farmhouse living room, she reads a homecoming telegram from Joe.

WASH THAT TIRED, RED-EYED LOOK AWAY!

Catching cold
on a sunny
winter day
is like shucking
an ear
of corn,
discovering
under the crisp green husk
a greasy brown worm
wearing false eyelashes
and a Hitler moustache.
THE CONQUEROR GERM



FROM THE PRINTER. . .
Been printing this dada crap about a year now and it*s time I told you all what I think about your dumb fetish cum hobby.
You "quickcopy" jerks ought to be flogged! What a waste of time and ink. Only one thing lower than "Quickcopy"—that's whale shit, and it's on the bottom of the ocean.
Bum Bank is an asshole.
Can't you smile when someone takes your picture?
Opal Nation's illustrations have a message he can't illustrate.
Bill Nehrenz,
printer of VILE 1 and 4.



STOP, SPECIESIST—Charles Webb, Seattle

I was making a fruit salad
when a big black ant came scurrying
over the table, feinted at a grape,
seized a scrap of watermelon,
fled. I raised my fist.

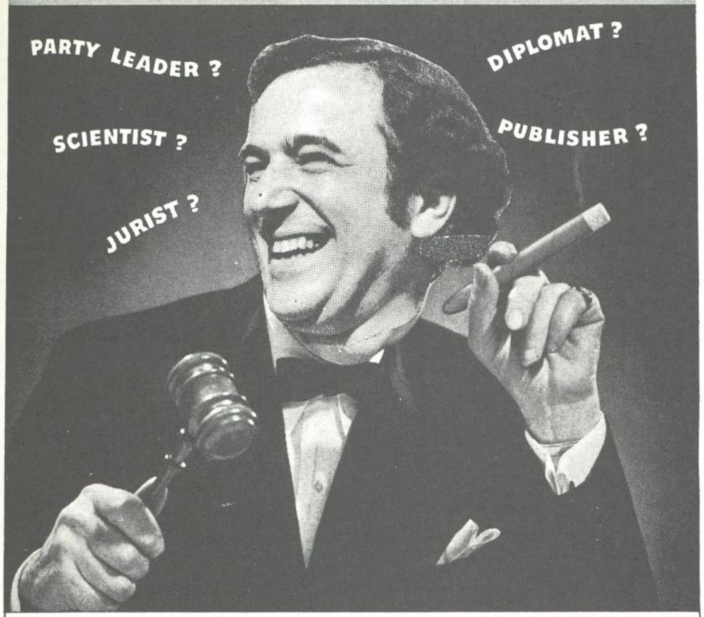
"Stop, speciesist!" a pineapple
seemed to moralize.
"Would you treat a gorilla that way?"
"No," I admitted, crushing
the moster ant with a banana.

ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER

PSSSSST! DEAR READER . . .

Regardless of what they say in the VILE AWARDS OF DISGUST, Rama Lama's "Why I Creamed Gooks" is undoubtedly the most DISGUSTING and VILE piece of writing in this volume. But don't take my word for it, read it for yourself—page 17. Yettttch—it's THE WORST. Ann Dothers.

Who is he ?



Today's leaders smoke

SLACKSBONE TIGERS

the choice of successful men



THERE IT IS! 17% EXTRA SMOKING!

TWO explorers were driving across 2,000 miles of desert when their sump oil drained out onto the sand.

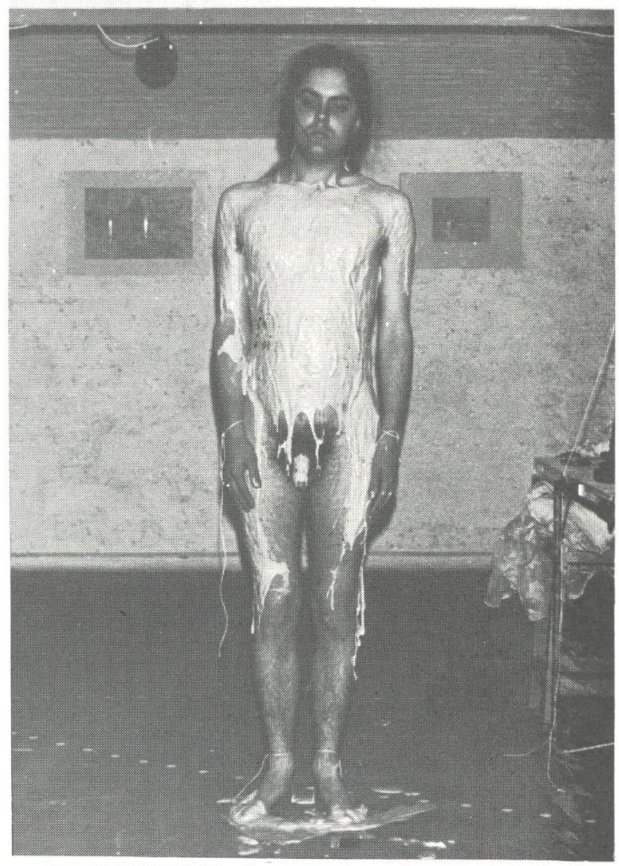
In a try-anything bid they stuffed the sump with BANANAS from their supplies. The mash made a lubricant which helped them back to civilization.



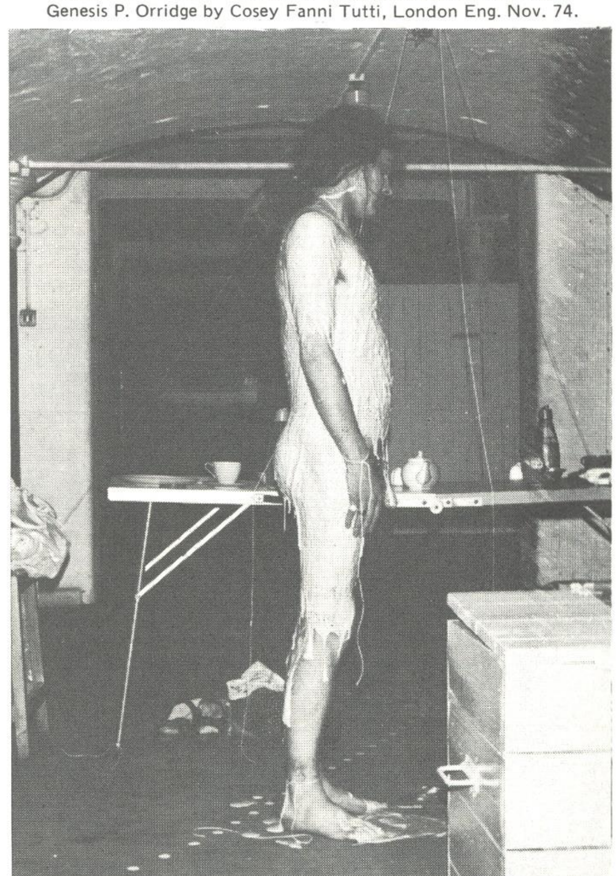
SIZE AND SHAPE FOR EVERY TASTE

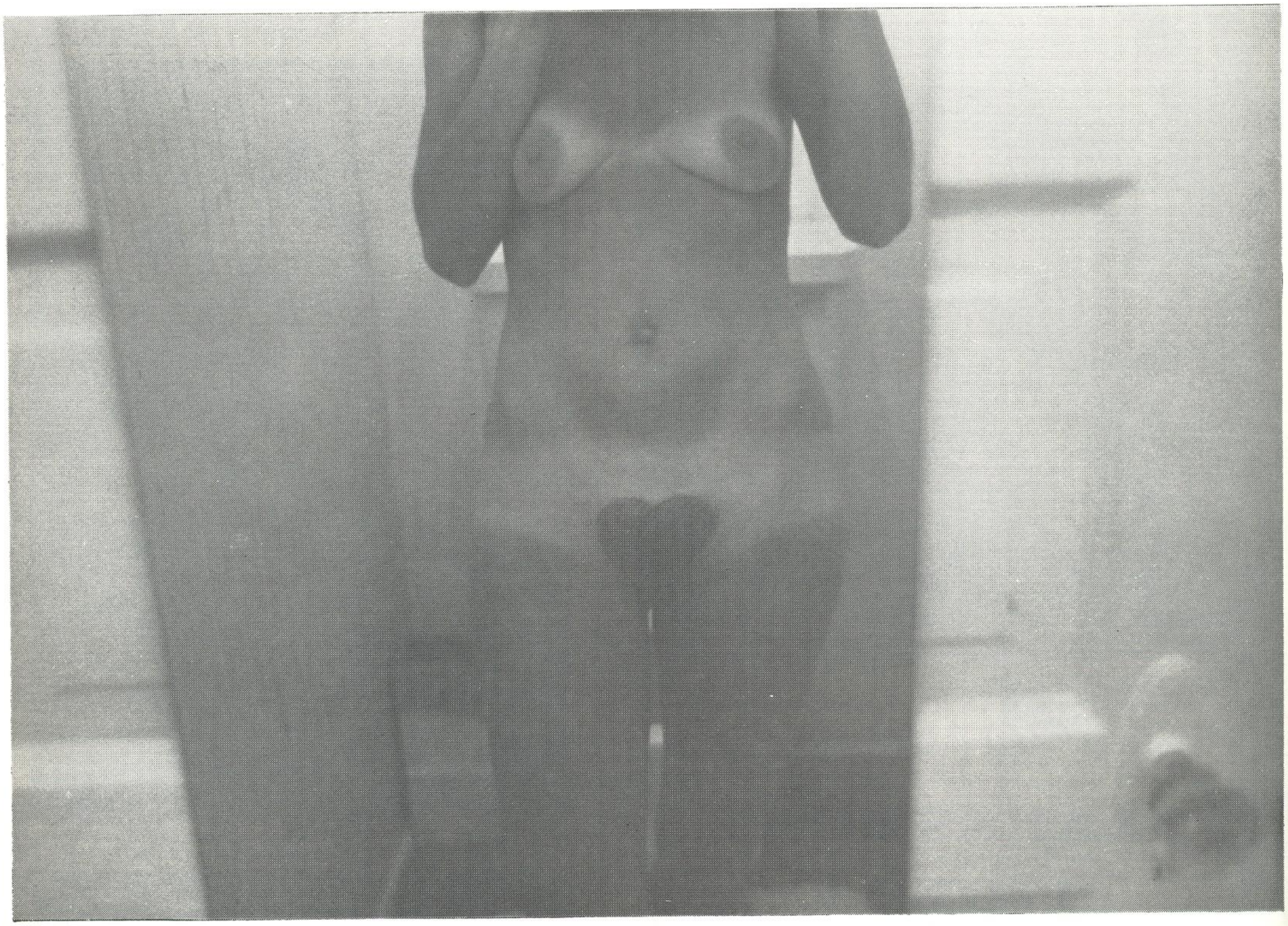
"There are two ways to get nail-driving bananas," Dr. Marshall said. "You can travel to the dark side of the moon where it is cold enough to instantly freeze the banana.

"Or you can dip a banana into a little liquid air which will also freeze it. Either way, it becomes hard enough to drive nails."



VILE BODY WORK — flower & water paste applied to body of Genesis P. Orridge by Cosey Fanni Tutti, London Eng. Nov. 74.





Take heart, little lady

AMERICA'S FUTURE IS SAFE IN YOUR ARMS

For one thing, there is a curious story that a friend, a country surveyor, recently told me. It took place in early June. On a shady farm road between San Antonio and Schulenburg, he stopped at a roadside stand, welcoming the chance to stretch his legs. Not the usual vegetable or melon stand, this one is selling furniture, household goods. My friend says it resembles a ramshackle garage sale.

The people running it, father, mother and three kids appear to be a typical local family and yet they seem feverently, even grimply determined to sell every everything. Business is brisk; someone in the crowd says the family has been there all week, they're getting rid of everything they own and the prices are ridiculously low. Furniture, checked bedspreads, etc; nobody knows why.

A man in a truck appears and strikes a bargain, buy buying everything in a job lot. He loads his truck, drives away and it's over. In the empty stand the family seems to be saying: "There—finally—that's that that—we're going now . . ."

A vivid sense of something mysterious and eminent holds my friend there, watching from his car. Twilight is falling; in their plain country clothes, on this secluded stretch of farm road, the family leaves the stand single-file; at the edge of the woods they strip and leave their clothes behind in five neat piles. My friend saw them take off all their clothes and just walk away into the woods and the trees swallow them up.

The story stopped there, and he didn't know what else there was to be said about it. But he kept the mother's clothes and the little girl's panties and he showed me these

—Arthur Turner
C.A.S.F.C. 7/75

It is fitting that we of The Trudential should speak of the future. For the future has always been our business—providing protection and security for the "tomorrow" of American families.

And so we salute the wartime brides of this nation . . . the women who are keeping the tradition of American family life alive . . . the women who will mold so much of America's future.

For indeed—*the future belongs to those who prepare for it*, and out of today's trials and troubles will come a will for an even better America. We of Trudential pledge to work with you to that end—to continue to be of help to America's families.

THE TRUDENTIAL
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
A Mutual Company
HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
FROM YOUR TRUDENTIAL AGENT

THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT

SPEAKING OF PICTURES





Photo by Dynamite Dave

I said Stop....
and he did!



HOW ABOUT THIS group for a VILE glamour issue! Keep tune to KPFA for a special broadcast for Dadaland from the Western Front, as ask for ART POVERA. The Peanut campaign has been a real victory for Art City.
Love to you and Bill
Marcel Idea,
WESTERN FRONT
Vancouver, B.C. Canada

US: Not *this* one, honey...here's a truly gentle, truly feminine soap that leaves you alluringly scented...and daily use stops **all** body odor! Try it and see...



JACK WASSERMAN was very interested in you in a recent CBC interview, and I replied you were still winning art races.
Thank you and the Daddaland for your campaign support.
Love,
Mr. Peanut,
WESTERN FRONT,
Vancouver, B.C. Canada

THE GIRL: Oh, boy! I've got a date with *him* tonight... an' just to make *sure* of my allure I'm going to say "stop" again if he kisses me!



Just thought you should know that when I started my career as a Mail Artist it was my intention to reply to all Mailings that I received.

But now, in view of all the shitty substandard stuff that I hear is apparently being puked out all over the place, I have decided that my latest trip is not to reply to anyone. So there.

Thing is, though, in all the years that I have been a Mail Artist nobody has written to me yet so I've not been able to write to anybody yet so to help me make the significant and cutting gesture of not replying to people will people write to me, please!

Sincerely
JOHN RAYDAUGHTER
Founder & Principal,
The Moose Jaw Mail Artcademie.
(Yup, I even changed my name from Arnie Feelticket, too. So it's not fair.)

dainty each day...
John Raydaughter
THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE



PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

DOGMONIC DUDS FOR DOGMATIC PAINTER

Irene Dogmatic, A.K.A. Nancy Mass Mosen is a painter. She recently (Jan. 11-Feb. 7/75) had a show at **ZARA** Gallery in San Francisco. The tie-up in her work between her "dogmatic" activities and her painting lies in the use of the animal [dog] and human juxtapositions.

She is currently working on a slide program with Jim Petrillo which will be shown at And/Or Gallery in Seattle. The show consists of slides (taken by Jim) of Irene in the dog costume (photo to right) involved in an eventful day of activities, such as processing her dead dog into food at the Hygenic Dogfood Company, trying on collars at Grand Lake Pet Supply, being booted from the Dog House Bar, dreaming about Doggie Diner and Warm Springs Pet Cemetry and finally rediscovering her dog in a trash can in an Oakland park (with sign–no dogs in park.)

Irene and Jim would be interested in showing the piece in San Francisco to interested parties for $50 per showing. Price Negotiable. **Phone 621-4349**



Photo by Jim Petrello

BAY AREA DADAISTS ANNUAL GROUP PHOTO

The Bay Area Dadaists have gathered annually for a group portrait for the past five years now. Shown below is the resulting photo, taken April 1, 1974, at San Francisco's cable car barn. Over a hundred folk assembled for the photo, and consumed five cases of bananas. The organizers of this event include Carlo Giovanni Cicatelli, Tim Mancusi, Daddaland and Anna Banana

INEFFECTUAL STUDENT ART GROUPIES



Photo by Carlo Giovanni Cicatelli

AN EXERPT FROM . . .

THE GOLDFISH THAT EXPLODED

by MYRA PEANUT

Jon Chopulo drowned at the bottom of Marcello Morsel's swimming pool and his body was eaten by sharks. But before he died, he dreamed a dream in which he entered the ass-hole of the greatest living artist in order to examine ancient cave drawings on the wall of the large intestine. The Atmosphere was close, the stench noxious despite the sublime bread of pure ideation upon which greatest living artists feed, and Chopulo's nose pinched itself closed. He stumbled over a melon-sized turd and fell upon grass-like undulating filaments lining the rose-brown tunnel. The filaments wrapped around him in an attempt to absorb him into the blood stream of the greatest living artist. No matter to them which of the body's many portals he had entered by—it was all food for art. Chopulo felt himself struggling involuntarily for life and breath, crying out for help where no help could logically arrive.

However, around a bend in the kinky cavern came the desired assistance—a tallish dwarf, naked and stepping lively. He was smeared with shit and reeked of the digestive acids that had dissolved his clothes in the small intestine. But he was bright with the hope of deliverance. He carried under his arm a camera, a calendar, and a bottle containing a manuscript which, as soon as he espied Chopulo, the tallish dwarf immediately pulled from the bottle and began to read aloud to his captive audience.

"Many kalpas ago, an ugly warty frog married a beautiful golden princess through devious means. The warty frog had promised to change into a handsome prince if the golden princess bestowed her hand upon him, so she did. But he didn't. And acts of faith prove irreversible.

"The golden princess found herself abed with a web-footed husband who left slime on the silken sheets, and who had the disturbing habit of snapping out his tongue to pick off free-flying insects for snacks. The princess found the sticky tongue quite pleasant on her clitorus but at the same time she was rather afraid of infection. Needless to say, she douched regularly. 'Well,' she thought to herself, 'I may as well try to make the best of a bad job. He may be ugly in mien and repulsive in habit but who's perfect?'

"Her servants were privately amazed but said nothing as though the snapping sticky tongue were a part of everybody's anatomy, and in time they tried to imitate the frog themselves by rolling out and wagging their own soft, pink-pebbled tongues at passing flies, and by rolling and blinking their eyes in the frog's wise fashion.

"Time passed and force of habit had its effect. The frog's household came to believe that its own pattern of behavior—eye-rolling and tongue-snapping—was the norm, while the rest of the city was absurd in its oral indifference to passing files and its unblinking fix on the plate in front of it.

"Then one day, the frog shivered, blinked, and croaked out the proclamation, 'Argh! The sky is falling! Argh!'

"The beautiful golden princess looked annoyed. It was her kingdom and she was quite happy with it. She didn't in the least appreciate forecasts of doom, didn't believe in 'em. As to the state of her kingdom, there were plenty of culturally deprived peasants, to be sure, but they were content enough, employed at their cottage industry in the backwoods of the kingdom. They even entertained a certain sense of superiority over their citified countrymen who lived in debilitating luxury at the royal court, and they could hardly be persuaded to come into town to peddle their wares at the various faires and bizarres held for their economic benefit. So sanctimonious were they about the decadence of the golden princess' court that they stoutly refused invitations to the 'Sky is Falling Banquet' put on by the princess to humor her froggy mate.

"All the cits attended, needless to say, avid with anticipation of the culinary splendor they could expect at the golden princess' board. They came in their sequins and rhinestones, their leathers and furry pelts, their beads, baubles and make-up, ready to make and be made.

"The princess had hired a veritable United Nations of cooks and although the the finished product was perfection itself, world discord and strife reached its absolute acme in the royal kitchen. The gastronomic representative of Turkey was the first casualty— scalded to death in chicken broth by the Greek superchef. Age-old racial antagonisms played themselves out for the last time as Arab persued Jew, cleaver held high. German skewered Frenchman while East Indian chanted mantras of peace over feiry curry. Cannabalism was well represented on the menu although two-thirds of the diners suspected nothing of the sort. 'Ah, delicious! Sweet and sour hogs' balls!'

"Since the theme of the banquet was world disaster, the princess decided to pay tribute to each of the tribes of men on the globe by serving a course of their native fare (frog's legs for the French excluded, naturally). After all, it might be the last they got. The banquet went off, not in the spirit of the condemned man eating his last meal, but with the frivolity and excess of a condemned race having its last party.

"In the banquet hall the tables groaned, toasts were proposed to the grand accomplishments of humanity, and the court poet, memory bank for the species, recited the great epic poems of the human race, poems which had thrilled generation after generation of diners.

"The clashing of knives and forks, the laughter and babble died away as Word Bank stood to deliver his first oration.



Photo by Sally Peanut

"He began: 'The Dot in Microfiche

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"As the cadence of Word Bank's voice swooped to sonorous repose on the final syllable of the poem, the rapt audience, breathless with adoration, came all together in an orgasm of manual applause. The poem was Word Bank's latest work and it summed up for the gathering both the enigma of the atomistic origins of mankind and the mystery of immanent destruction promised by the future. The entire life of the race, all the interminable strife and misery of men prepetrated throughout centuries of recorded time, to say nothing of pre-recorded time, was as a journey between neutron stars, a hop-skip and-a-jump from one black hole in space and time to another. But the supreme beauty of the piece, and all those present felt it profoundly, was the delicate balance achieved, or better still, the discreet yet concrete marriage made between the sublime and the ridiculous within the punctilious limits of the poem.

"Pleased with the reception of this, his swan-song for the species, Word Bank paused, bowed, and continued his oration in a more familiar vein. His next piece was was a tale which had been told to every mother's son before he had reached the age of consupiscent desire. It had been murmured forth beside countless hearths at evening, fir it was *the* archetypal heroic story, universally believed and widely regarded as the cornerstone to proper moral architecture in the young. Many a bastion of virtue in the community had been raised, or rather erected upon it. 'The Goldfish That Expolded' was well known to all present, then. But no one had heard it told before with quite the aplomb of Word Word Bank's delivery:

"Many kalpas ago in a kingdom by the sea lived a potential movie queen known to one and all as Myrna Cashew. Her breasts were as large and full as melons, for early in life she began to study movie magazines brought into the country by wandering gypsies and exchanged for sponges which Myrna and her fellow natives dove for in the sea. The coveted tabloids revealled to Myrna the promise of the Mark Eden developer. She sent for one one at once and after fifteen days of use had reached movie queen proportions. And this at the age of twelve years.

"In all other respects Myrna was the perfect female:her hair was long and silky and of a platinum color naturally; her eyes were large, violet, and fringed with thick mink-colored lashes which needed no artificial crimping; the proportions of her legs were ideal, long and well-fleshed, and her firm, swelling bud of an ass drove men mad with desire. Indeed, she had been been fucking since she was six years old, since even at that tender age Myrna intuited her special destiny. She knew that someday she would meet The Big Producer and she wanted to be ready. Myrna clothed her sensuous body in Frederick's of Hollywood outfits. She sat through the film version of 'What Price Beauty?' forty-nine times forty-nine-times. And she kept herself up on Hollywood scandal by voracious devouring all the movie tabloids she could procure by means of sponge-diving. To such an extent did the myths of Hollywood replace reality for her that she imagined the uncouth natives among whom she lived to be the incarnation of the movie stars about which she read. Her sister's illegitimate baby became the love child that Sher could never admit to having born before she met Sonny. The quarrelsome Brutons in the next hut became the Burtons forever separating and reconciling in the highest dramatic style. She insisted upon calling her brother Plato by the name of Sal and sufsuffered throes of remorse when she discovered his homosexual leanings. Myrna's life was a seemingly endless movie upon whose screen never flashed the dreadful words, 'The End.' Until one day her Fredrick's vibrator malfunctioned and a smart shock in her private parts restored her to sanity. It was only life, after all, nasty, brutish and short.

The key to Hollywood was what she sought. For how was she to fulfill her special destiny without it? It was with this conundrum in mind that Myrna heard tell of a fabulous project, a project concocted by a group of local illusionists intent on taking flight for the subliminal in a remarkable air-ship designed and constructed by themselves. This remarkable ship (more of an ark than an air-craft) was dubbed The Sequestered Font, since it was regarded simultaneously as the source of creative life-blood by which true originality bubbled up into the community at large, and as a protected haven well-removed from the debilitating controls which society at large exerted over its individual members. This doubleness of image—a posture of social involvement set beside a posture of social remoteness—encompassed a singleness of purpose combined with a multiplicity of activities, and it led many casual observers into the path of confusion. The 'unlighted-on' as the arkists termed those they considered benighted tended to regard the arkists as Janus-faced, even double-dealing, and definitely not to be trusted. And how to enlight-on the mistrustful—that was the impasse facing the Sequestered Fonters.

Like Noah of old, the Fonters received word from the subliminal that aesthetic vengeance in the form of eternal night would be visited on the unlighted-on. And the subliminal also hinted that the Fonters should build themselves an airy ship and on it they should put one of all the images in the world, and pairs of those which couldn't reproduce spontaneously. Moreover, the subliminal insisted that the Sequestered Font take to the air and join it as soon as possible, definitely before 1984.

When Myrna heart tell of this fabulous project an idea began to take shape in her mind: here was the key to Hollywood within her grasp. Her plan was simple—to hyjack the Sequestered Font and fly it to Hollywood.

The means was ready at hand. Myrna had in her possession a weapon which she had found on a solitary sponge dive and which she had managed to keep a secret even from Lana, her prying mother. It was a rare goldfish that Myrna had read about in her *Subversive Aquariist's Manual.* Were a peculiar strain of dropsical bacteria introduced into the goldfish's digestive tract, it would swell up to monstrous size and finally explode, wrecking havoc upon all about it. Chinese breeders had spent hundreds of years developing this special and especially insidious secret weapon, so said D.P. Hooper, editor of the *Manual.*

Dr. Hooper chose to look upon the God of the Universe as an Aesthete. Where schools might spring up dedicated to the study of the aesthetics of brutishness, Dr. Hooper's megaphysics was based on the idea of the brutishness of aesthetics. His clique of devoted followers, a fan club called the Dunbar Grease, dramatized Hooper's theory that the purest aesthetic is that one which is completely ruthless. They were given to kicking children in the head and stoning rabbits in order to illustrate their central tenet. Their favored emblem was the swastika (an old oriental symbol), and they decorated their bodies with tattoos like south sea natives

(so that their mothers hardly recognized them) in order to stand as ciphers for their creed. They drank all night and slept slept in ditches, and like all true ascetics, they took great pride in the accumulated filth on their clothes, for they never washed them. They jockey shorts were dark grey from faithful use, and yet their bodies were always clean. This was a central paradox Myrna Cashew discovered when she balled her first greaser.

Another paradox was that although The Dunbar Grease was superficially a most vicious and sadistical fan club, they had hearts of pure gold. They stole from the rich to give to the poor. "In fact," Myrna thought to herself as she licked the initial drops of come from Art Hunter's erect and ready cock, "The Dunbar Grease are perfect for Hollywood! And they'll pay their dues by helping me hyjack the Sequestered Font." As Myrna ran her tongue lightly over the glands and thrust Art's cock down her throat, she formulated her plan for the morrow. Art groaned in ecstacy while Myrna sucked, seeing herself in her mind's eye arrive at the Fontal Bon Voyage Luncheon, sexy in snake-skin, leading her six black-leathered Greasers on silken leashes. Art Hunter shot his load into Myrna's stomach as she debated with herself upon the appropriate moment to pull her surprise with the exploding goldfish. While Art lay twitching like a hooked trout, Myrna decided to hold fire until the Talking Portrait had dedicated the ark to the Eternal Network. That would be at 19:84 E.N. time.

The Talking Portrait was a mystery to all who beheld it. It had appeared inexplicably one evening when the Sequestered Fonters had gathered for an aperitif before dinner in the library. To everyone's amazement, there it was, hanging on the wall, and no one could account for it, let alone get it to stop talking long enough to to ask it where it had come from. Moreover, it had strange powers of locomotion, for when the Fonters went down to dinner, there it was again hanging on the wall in the great banquet hall and still talking. It seemed to be able to go from room to room, wherever the Fonters gathered, and when Fonters happened to be in different rooms at the same time, it managed to be in both places or many places at once with with no apparent difficulty. It talked late into the evening, to itself presumably when the Fonters had retired to bed, and it greeted them cheerfully when they came down to breakfast in the morning. It assumed the role of director and arcane oracle at the Font; it organized, hosted, and presided at special events; it tended to monopolize conversation, for it considered its ideas two or more cuts above the ordinary; and it was by way of the Talking Portrait that the Fonters communicated with the subliminal. The Talking Portrait was sometimes witty and original, sometimes incoherent and incomprehensible, very often a bore but sometimes brilliant. The Fonters agreed, however, that it did talk too much, and they learned to ignore its jabber and to root out the truffles from the dung. One of its best ideas was a male chastity belt which was patented 'Sphinctus Dentatus' and which was a big seller for the Font. It kept the 'grass-widow' perfectly faithful and protected heterosexuals from accidental penetration. Its one drawback was that it was bulky and spoiled the line of many a well-cut denim pant.

All in all, the Fonters suffered the Talking Portrait gladly since it did make more hits than misses, and they were positively thrilled about the flight to sublimity. The ark was months in the making. The assemblage of images took many more. Entertainment would help wile away the light years, so every Fonter got together an act. The Marquis d'Arachide rehearsed his inimitable tap dance routine to the melodics of the Von Broot sax band. Hank



Photo by Sally Peanut

Swank tickled the ivories while Pascal, chanteuse for eternity, got out her best blues. Estelle Friend, something of a magician, practised disappearing acts. Lady Pokingham polished her applause. The flying Leopard Lady set up her high wire act, while Chief Sitting-Stoned drew a bead on truth. Lady Baden Powell commanded a troupe of Boy Scouts scheduled for displays of nude semaphore. Castles-by-Maurice erected, or course, castles in the air on consignment. And the Talking Portrait dictated the script to a team of typists. Martingale Pear was in charge of navigation, and Silky Rose Hips stood by with a crew of experts ready to capture events on videotape, with Super 8's, in Fuji color, as well as Kodachrome, in hyroglyphics, on stone tablets, with 35 millimeter film, in slow motion, via satellite, with no commercial interruptions, quadrophonically, for posteriority.

Amanita Mascara and Jorge Zontal appeared first on the program. Exerpts from the Old Testament read by D.H. Torrents came second. "How to Separate Black from White" subtitled "The Gray-Scale and Its Affects on Natural Child-Birth' was next, followed by a practical demonstration of "Fabricating the Android Chicken" by Dr. Vital. In respite, a series of N.F.B movies would be shown, entitled: *Rebel Without a Menopause, Che and Castro and Dick and Spiro, Know Your Basset, Carnally; Malice in Plunderland, Idea Fallout: Does it Curdle Mothers' Milk? The Punitive Kind, Evil: The Pros and Cons, The George Sand Story, The Too Loose Too Late—The Diary of a Puritan Diarist, Where Would Pederasty be Without Motherhood? How to Lose Original Sin Painlessly, Moby Dick and Jane, Semen, Seamen and Their Semantic Origins, Philology: Friend or Foe? Anything Life Can Do, Art Can Do Better, Colette and Decollete, Morte D'Art, Iron Maidens and Racks—Mix and Match, Beginner's Guide to Nechrophilia, The Essentials of Pestilence, Plastic Coat Your Child and Save on Laundry Soap.*

These movies, followed by a brief intermission, were just a preview of what eternity held in store for the voyageurs to sublimity. Each performance, each lecture, each practical demonstration would in turn be filmed, taped, snapped and gossiped about, and would in turn, become the historical basis for future performances, lectures, practical demonstrations and conversations all extending in an unbroken line from the here and now to infinity. Moreover, nothing would be lost, no word omitted, no act left undocumented, no event nor the process leading to it would go unrecorded via a variety of media, so that the subliminal would possess the most total and complete piece of historical data of any time and all times. It was an heroic task, a God-like undertaking; it would be the Greatest Story ever told.

After the brief intermission, proceedings resumed with a workshop called "The Exhibitionist as His Own Best Voyeur," or alternately, "Creative Solipsism for the Jaded Consciousness," conducted by Dr. Mona Manacle, an expert in her field.

"When the individual is uninteresting to himself," Dr. Manacle began, "he is not interesting to anyone else either, and this, or course, acts to re-inforce the original uninterestingness of the individual. He becomes twice as uninteresting to himself if he bores one other person, three times as uninteresting to himself if he bores two other people, and so on and so on until the problem is compounded infinitely. This individual may try to contain his uninterestingness by keeping to himself, and, therefore, boring only himself.

"Now, what remains when a person be-

comes so infinitely boring to himself? Yes, Ms. Cashew?"

"Suicide."

"Right you are. Suicide remains. Now at this point the individual can respond in two ways. One, he may decide that this is the first interesting idea he's ever had and he may communicate it to others thereby engaging their interest, or two, he may decide that this too is a boring proposition and that if he communicates his idea to others they will be further bored by him. In the latter case, he may then commit suicideaand consequently arouse interest in himself after his death. If he makes decision number one, he may communicate his idea to others only to discover that they find it boring, and he will probably give up the idea all together in the interest of not boring his acquaintances any further.

"Now, which decision, in your opinion, should this boring person make? Ms. Mascara?"

"Suicide. Definitely. Because it would be the first interesting thing this person has done, and I believe that everybody should do at least one interesting thing in their life. And also because it would finally solve his problem."

"Thank you Ms. Mascara. Any other views? . . . Mr. Kaftan?"

"In my opinion the suicide of a boring person is boring. And so I think that the individual ought to find an interesting way of killing himself, like eating himself to death, or even eating himself. Otherwise he should give up the whole idea."

"Very interesting, Mr. Kaftan. Anyone else? . . . Miss Laid?'

"There are no interesting ways of dying left. They've all been over-worked, except perhaps for rising up again on the third day. In lieu of that, I think the boring person should find other alternatives. He could learn to like boredom, turn it to account, write books about it, act it out, put it to music. A lot of people do that and make pots of money at it."

"Excellent! Excellent! Your remarks bring ustto the brink of possibilities which are the boring person's third option—that of proceeding as though he were already dead and of finding a source of interest in his own demise. As soon as he arrives at this point, he is on the way to entertaining himself and he becomes a source of interest to all around him.

"Now! Well on the way to becoming a fascinating individual, the once-boring person can engage in therapeutic activities which will help him to achieve his goal. He can practice what are known in the trade as 'Mind Exercises' to give flexibility and resiliance to his consciousness. First he should think of something very very large, such as the universe, and hold that position as long as he can. Then as quickly as possible he should think of something very very small, such as bacteria, and again hold that posture as long as he can. This, you see, develops the fibre of the brain, and not only can the subject practice it in any situation, but no one else will be aware that he is doing his mental calisthenics. Shall we all try an exercise together?"

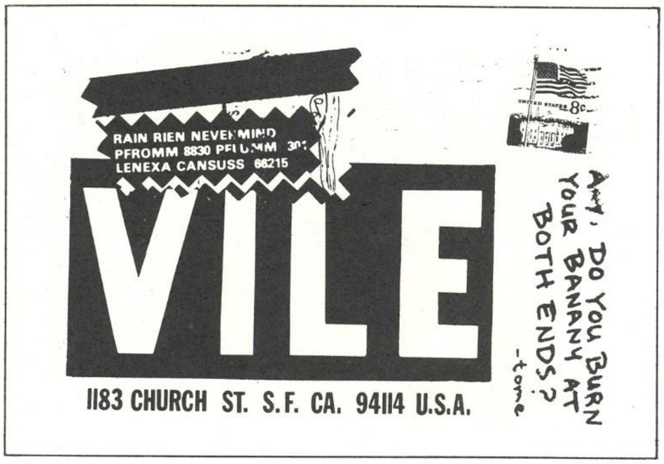
Art Hunter had been sitting in a back row during the lecture and discussion waiting for an opportunity to slip out and locate the men's room. He seized his chance during the mental workout and found his way to the lobby. He'd had a craw full of Dr. Manacle, beside the fact that his bladder was ready to explode. He found the right door, went in and stood at the urinal. As his jeans splayed open and he hoisted out his load of engorged flesh, he noticed a straight looking dude down the line making eyes at his meat. Must be a faggot, Art thought to himself. Maybe I should kick his head in. But since Myrna had plans for him later, Art decided not to. He made do with a well placed spit-ball.

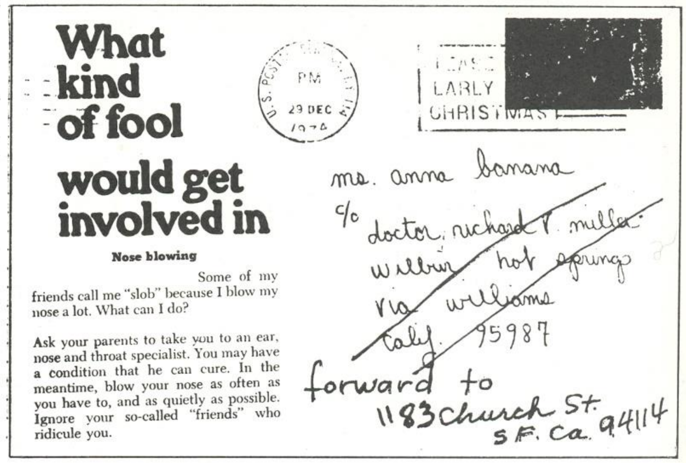


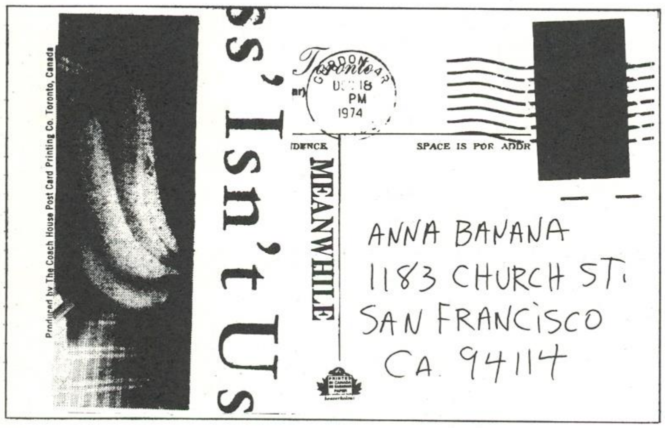
Photo by Sally Peanut

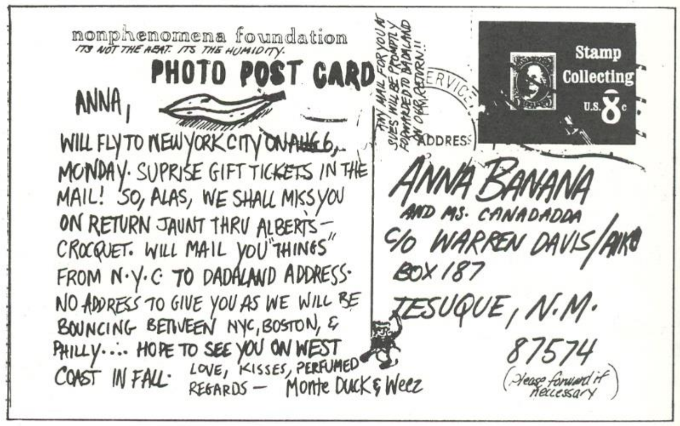
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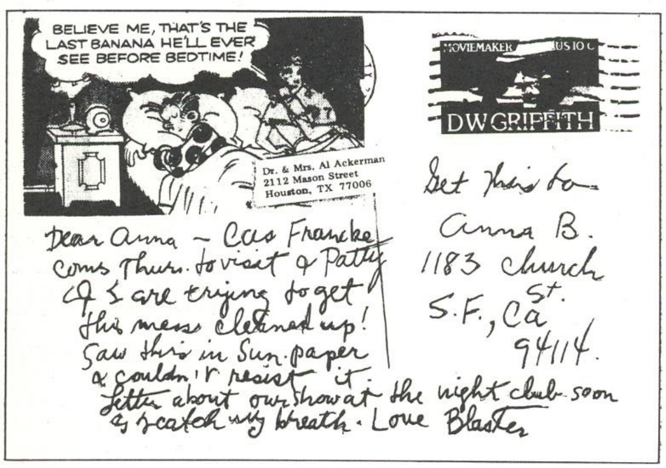
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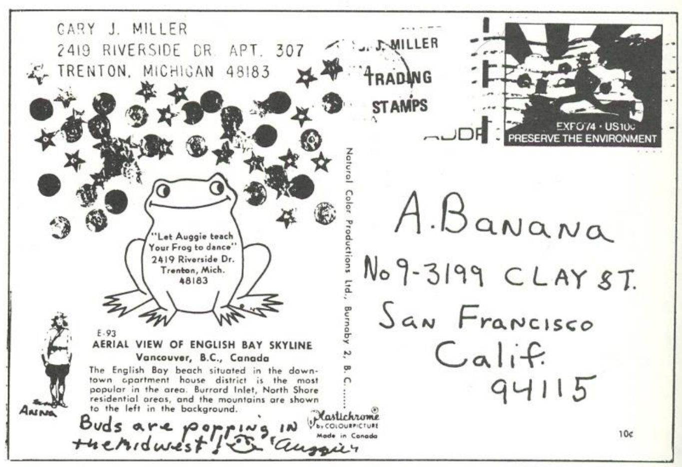

RAIN RIEN NEVERMIND
PFROMM 8830 PFLUMM
LENEXA CANSUSS 66215
VILE
1183 CHURCH ST. S.F. CA. 94114 U.S.A.
Ann, DO YOU BURN YOUR BANANY AT BOTH ENDS?
-tome

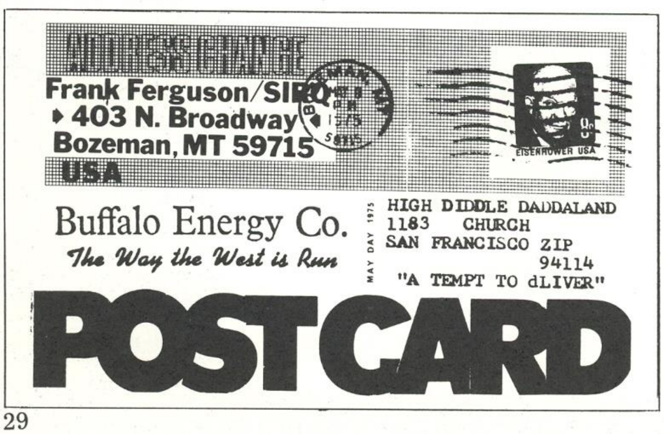

What kind of fool would get involved in
Nose blowing
Some of my friends call me "slob" because I blow my nose a lot. What can I do?
Ask your parents to take you to an ear, nose and throat specialist. You may have a condition that he can cure. In the meantime, blow your nose as often as you have to, and as quietly as possible. Ignore your so-called "friends" who ridicule you.
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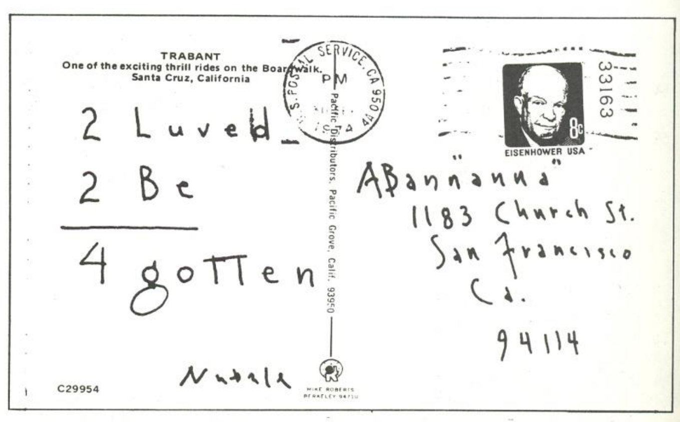

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s's Isn't Us
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ANNA BANANA
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CA. 94114

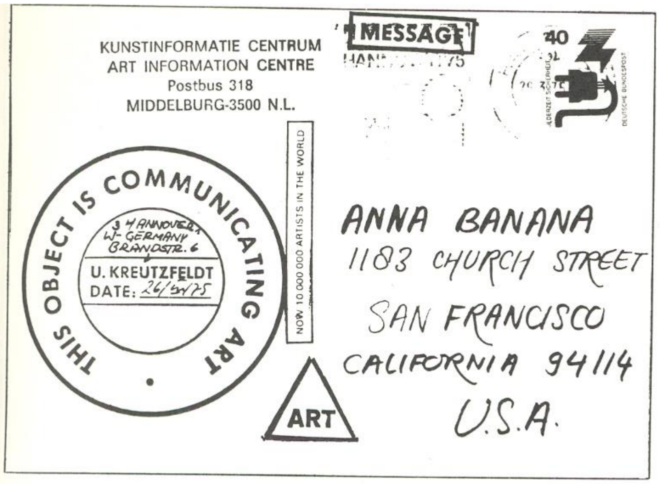

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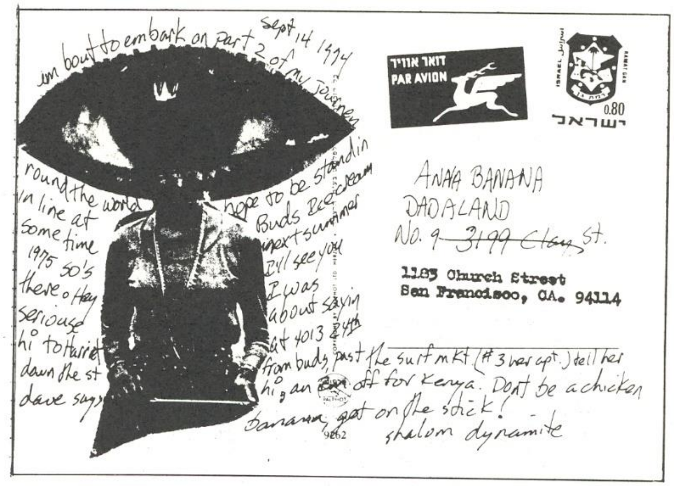

BELIEVE ME, THAT'S THE LAST BANANA HE'LL EVER SEE BEFORE BEDTIME!
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Dr. & Mrs. Al Ackerman
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Houston, TX 77006
Get this to
Anna B.
1183 church St.
S.F., Ca
94114.
Dear Anna - Cas Francke coms Thurs. to visit & Patty & I are trying to get this mess cleaned up! Saw this in Sun paper & couldn't resist it. Letter about our show at the night club soon as I catch my breath. Love Blaster

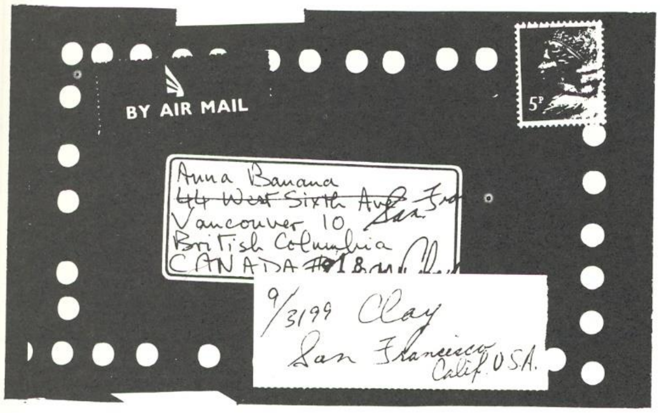

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TRENTON, MICHIGAN 48183
TRADING STAMPS
EXPO 74 · US 10c
PRESERVE THE ENVIRONMENT
"Let Auggie teach Your Frog to dance"
2419 Riverside Dr.
Trenton, Mich.
48183
E-93
AERIAL VIEW OF ENGLISH BAY SKYLINE
Vancouver, B.C., Canada
The English Bay beach situated in the downtown apartment house district is the most popular in the area. Burrard Inlet, North Shore residential areas, and the mountains are shown to the left in the background.
Natural Color Productions Ltd., Burnaby 2, B.C.
Plastichrome by COLOURPICTURE
Made in Canada
10c
Buds are popping in the midwest!
'Auggie'
A. Banana
No 9-3199 CLAY ST.
San Francisco
Calif.
94115

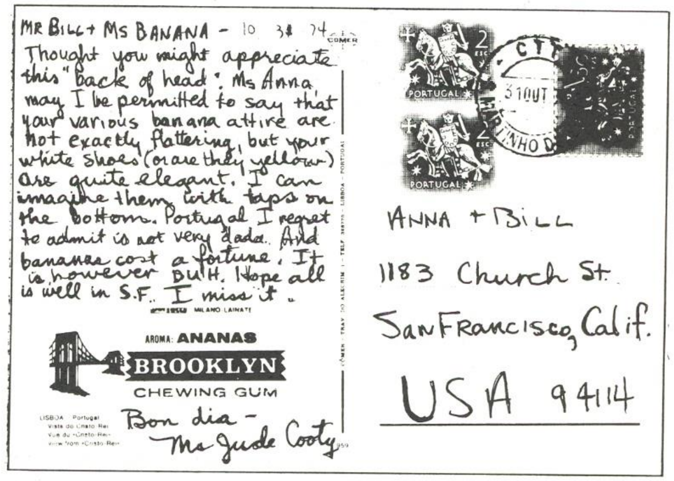

ADDRESS CHANGE
Frank Ferguson/SIRQ
403 N. Broadway
Bozeman, MT 59715
USA
EISENHOWER USA
Buffalo Energy Co.
The Way the West is Run
MAY DAY 1975
HIGH DIDDLE DADDALAND
1183 CHURCH
SAN FRANCISCO ZIP
94114
"A TEMPT TO dLIVER"
POSTCARD

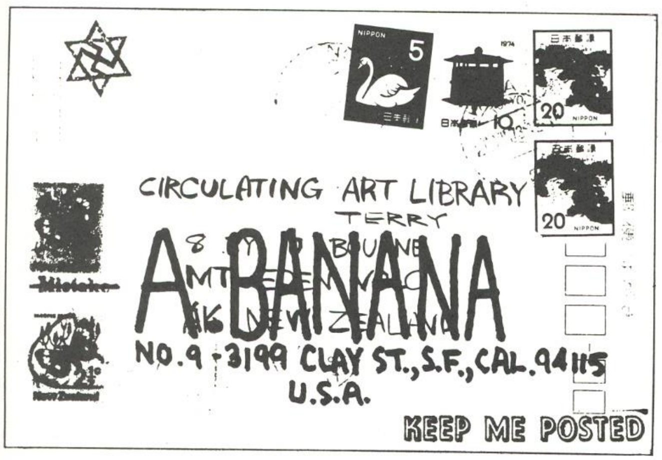

TRABANT
One of the exciting thrill rides on the Boardwalk.
Santa Cruz, California
PM
1974
2 Luved
2 Be
4 gotten
Distributors, Pacific Grove, Calif. 93950
EISENHOWER USA
8c
33163
ABannanna
1183 Church St.
San Francisco
Ca.
94114
Natala
C29954

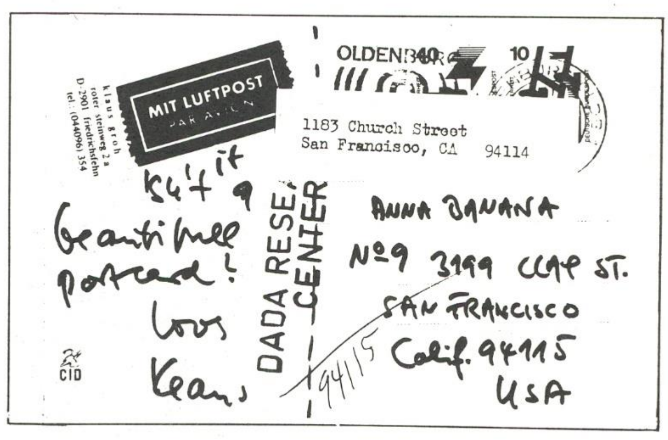

KUNSTINFORMATIE CENTRUM
ART INFORMATION CENTRE
Postbus 318
MIDDELBURG-3500 N.L.
MESSAGE
THIS OBJECT IS COMMUNICATING ART
3 HANNOVER 1
W.-GERMANY
BRANDSTR. 6
U. KREUTZFELDT
DATE: 26/5/75
NOW 10 000 000 ARTISTS IN THE WORLD
ART
ANNA BANANA
1183 CHURCH STREET
SAN FRANCISCO
CALIFORNIA 94114
U.S.A.

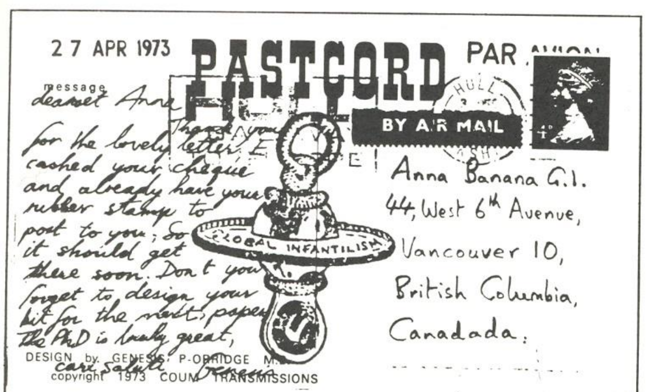

Sept 14 1974
PAR AVION
0.80
ANNA BANANA
DADALAND
No. 9 3199 Clay St.
1183 Church Street
San Francisco, CA. 94114
shalom dynamite

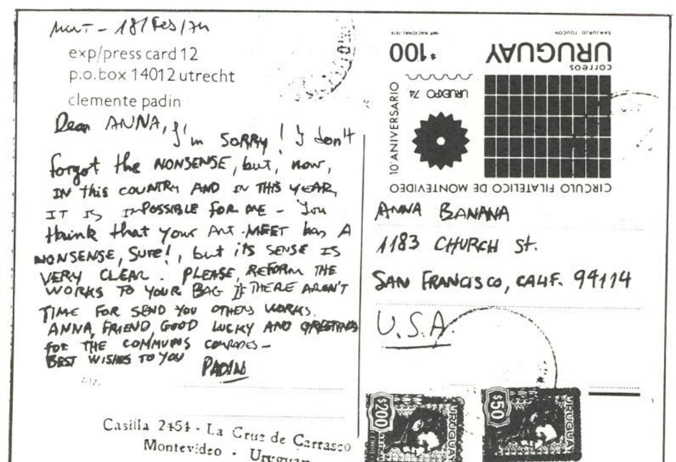

BY AIR MAIL
5p
Anna Banana
44 West Sixth Ave
Vancouver 10
British Columbia
CANADA
9/3199 Clay
San Francisco
Calif. USA.


MR BILL + MS BANANA - 10 31 74
Thought you might appreciate this "back of head". Ms Anna, may I be permitted to say that your various banana attire are not exactly flattering, but your white shoes (or are they yellow) are quite elegant. I can imagine them with taps on the bottom. Portugal I regret to admit is not very dada. And bananas cost a fortune. It is however BUH. Hope all is well in S.F. I miss it.
AROMA: ANANAS
BROOKLYN
CHEWING GUM
Bon dia -
Ms Jude Cooty
PORTUGAL
ANNA + BILL
1183 Church St.
SanFrancisco, Calif.
USA 94114

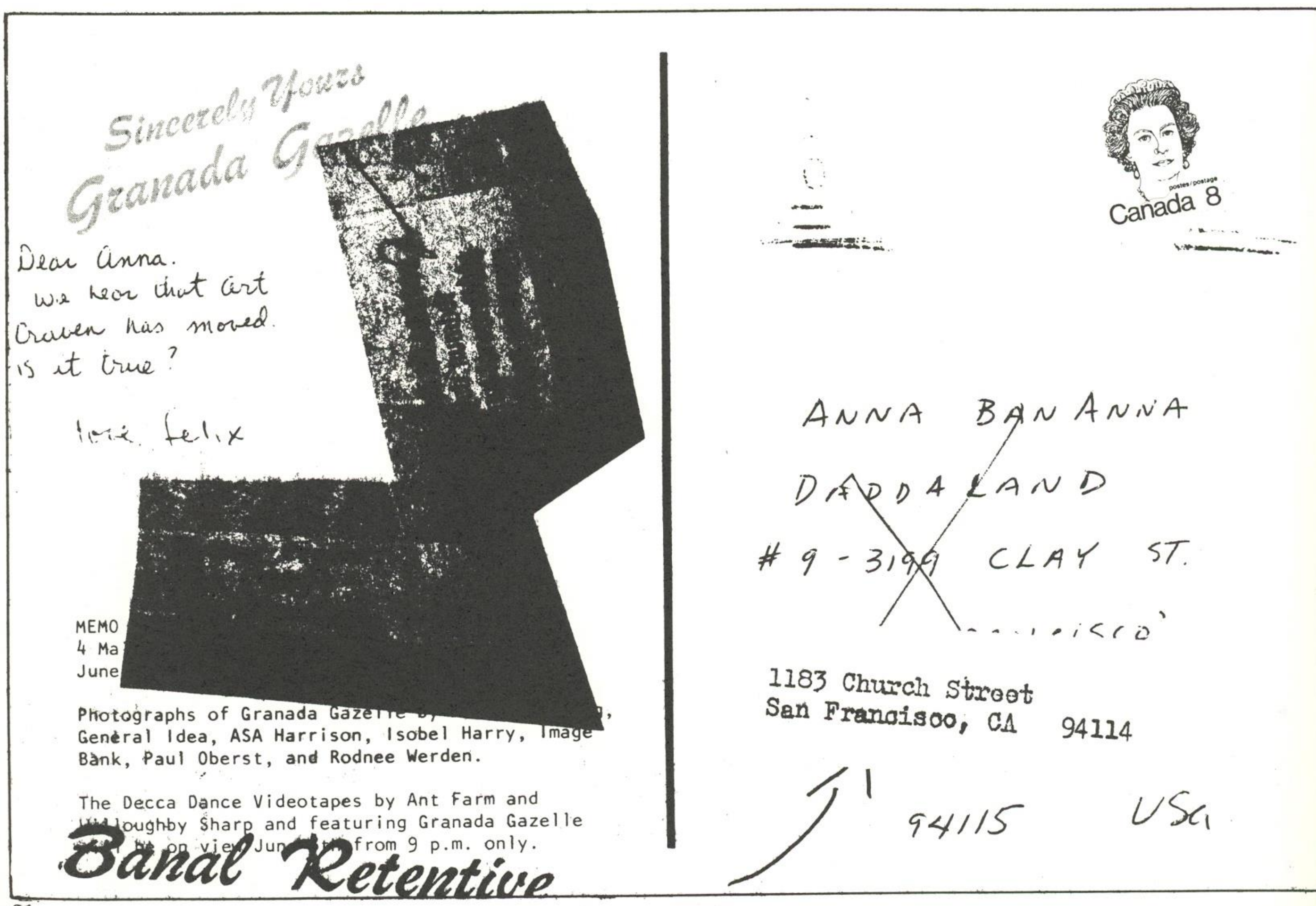

NIPPON
5
20
1974
CIRCULATING ART LIBRARY
TERRY
BANANA
NO. 9 - 3199 CLAY ST., S.F., CAL. 94115
U.S.A.
KEEP ME POSTED

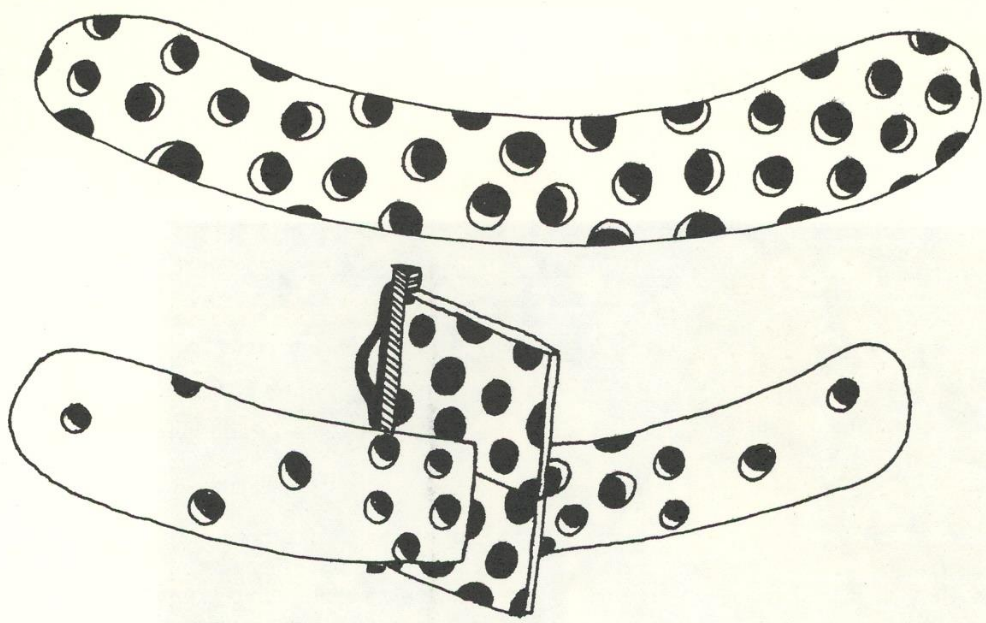

MIT LUFTPOST
PAR AVION
OLDENBURG
1183 Church Street
San Francisco, CA 94114
54'4 it 9
beautiful postcard!
Love
Klaus
DADA RESE. CENTER
ANNA BANANA
No 9 3199 CLAY ST.
SAN FRANCISCO
Calif. 94115
USA


27 APR 1973
PASTCORD
PAR AVION
BY AIR MAIL
message
dearest Anna
Thank you for the lovely letter & cashed your cheque and already have your rubber stamp to post to you, so it should get there soon. Don't you forget to design your bit for the next paper. The PhD is truly great,
GLOBAL INFANTILISM
Anna Banana G.I.
44, West 6th Avenue,
Vancouver 10,
British Columbia,
Canadada.
DESIGN by GENESIS P-ORRIDGE
copyright 1973 COUM TRANSMISSIONS

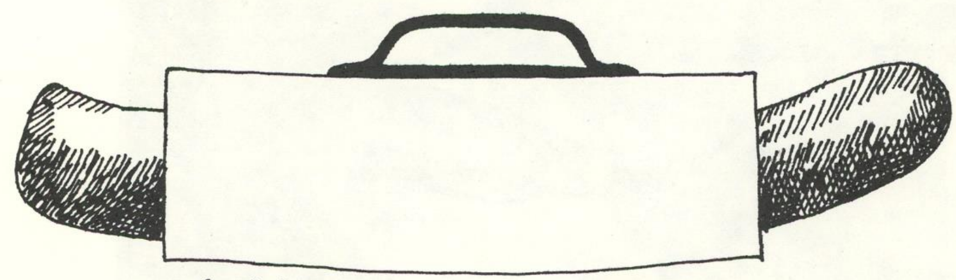

MNT - 18 FEB/74
exp/press card 12
p.o.box 14012 utrecht
clemente padin
Dear ANNA, I'm SORRY! I don't forgot the NONSENSE, but, now, IN THIS COUNTRY AND IN THIS YEAR, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME - You think that your ART-MEET has A NONSENSE, SURE!, but its SENSE IS VERY CLEAR. PLEASE, REFORM THE WORKS TO YOUR BAG IF THERE AREN'T TIME FOR SEND YOU OTHERS WORKS. ANNA, FRIEND, GOOD LUCKY AND GREETINGS FOR THE COMMUNIS CONTACTS - BEST WISHES TO YOU
PADIN
URUGUAY
100
10 ANIVERSARIO
CIRCULO FILATELICO DE MONTEVIDEO
ANNA BANANA
1183 CHURCH St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. 94114
U.S.A.
Casilla 2454 - La Cruz de Carrasco
Montevideo - Uruguay


POEMA MATEMATICO CENSURADO
POEME MATHEMATIQUE CENSURE
MATHEMATIC POEM CENSURED
1974
POSTAL
EDGARDO-ANTONIO VIGO-PROV.BS.AS.-ARGENTINA
CASILLA CORREO
264
LA PLATA
EDICION HEXAGONO '71 - N° 1 / 1974
REPUBLICA ARGENTINA
GENERAL JOSE DE SAN MARTIN
70c.
ARGENTINA
ANNA BANANA
VILE MAGAZINE
1183 Church Street
San Francisco, CA 94114
U.S.A.

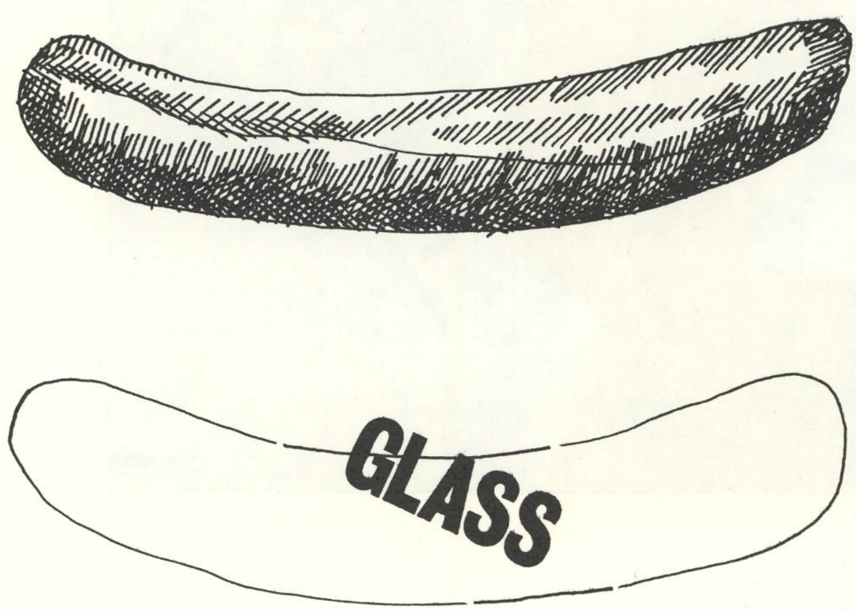

Sincerely Yours
Granada Gazelle
Dear Anna.
We hear that Art
Craven has moved.
is it true?
love, felix
Photographs of Granada Gazelle
General Idea, ASA Harrison, Isobel Harry, Image
Bank, Paul Oberst, and Rodnee Werden.
The Decca Dance Videotapes by Ant Farm and
Sharp and featuring Granada Gazelle
from 9 p.m. only.
Banal Retentive
Canada 8
postes/postage
ANNA BANANNA
DADDALAND
9 - 3199 CLAY ST.
1183 Church Street
San Francisco, CA 94114
94115
USA



diseased sausage chopper

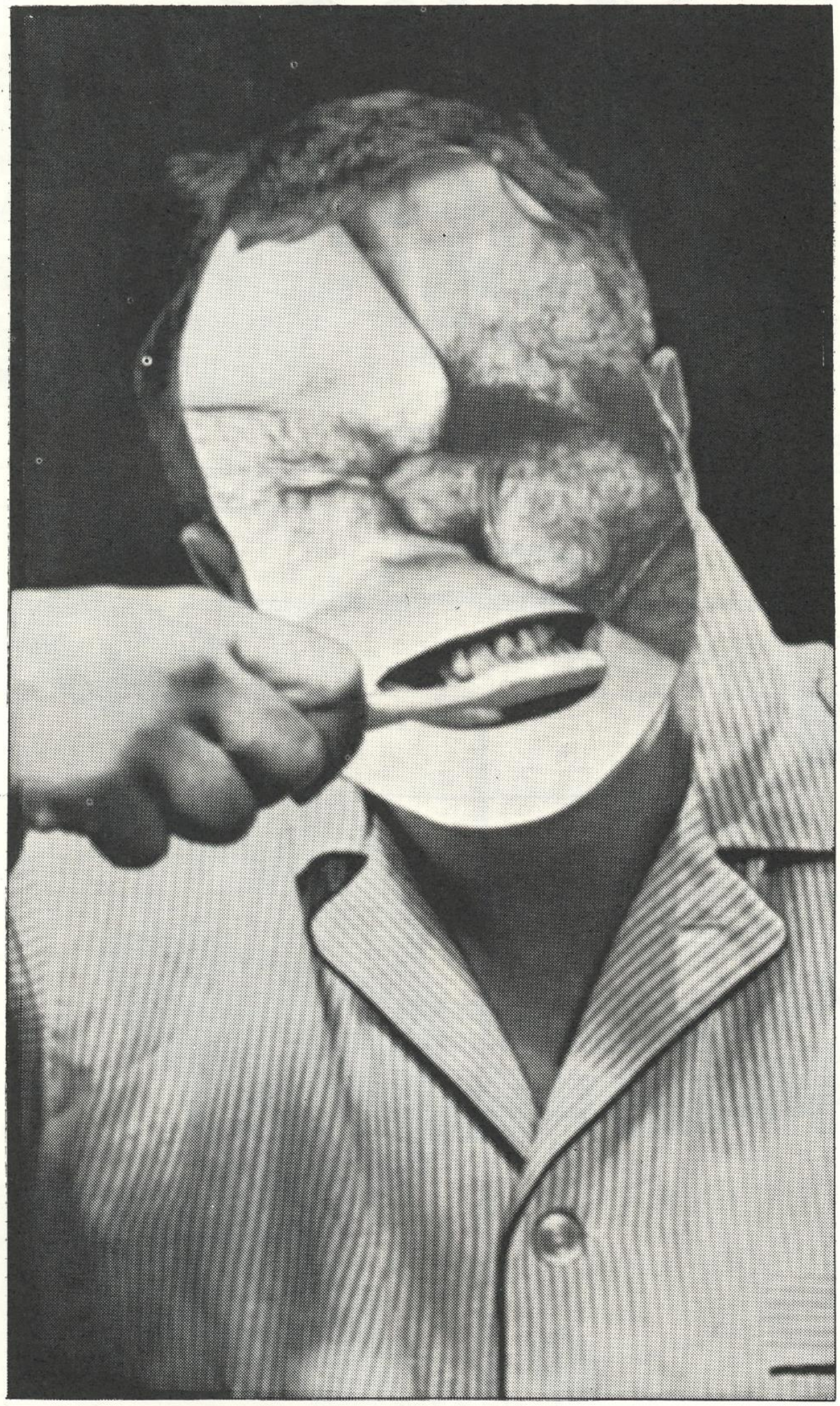


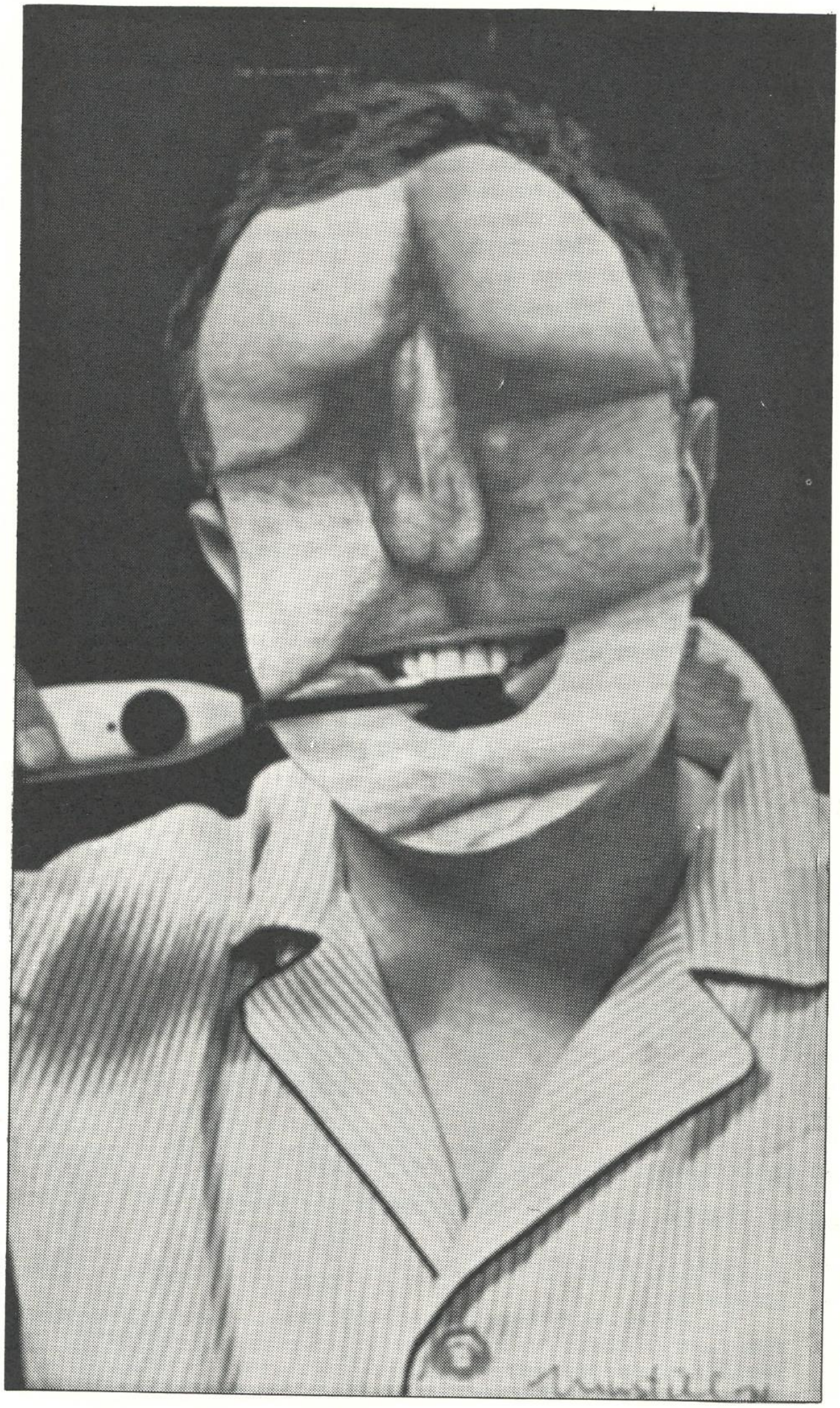
sausage holder



sausage, glass sausage

Robin Crozier 74





Rope? ~ yes – the serious stuff, the heavy stuff, enters the picture, with the aid of the DREADED DOCTOR BANDYOPADHYAY, a sinister drama unfolds, rich in both FACTS and FANTASY ...

BANANA BOUND!

Rope-making with Banana-plant Fibre

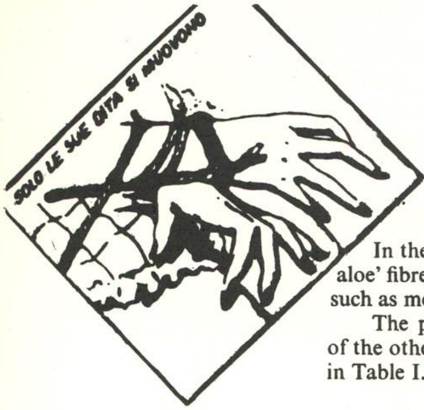
1. INTRODUCTION

The banana plant (*Musa Sapientum*)[1] is a tropical product. From the sheath of its trunk, banana fibre is obtained after scutching and washing in water or dilute chemicals. Villagers make some use of the fibre for domestic purposes, but their fibre has never been commercially extracted or used for industrial purposes; recently, however, it has been shown[2] that banana fibre can be spun on jute machinery. Nevertheless, banana trunk is still



mostly wasted or used uneconomically, and a possible outlet for it in rope-making is reported here.

It is well known that large quantities[3] of soft fibres are used in admixture with hard fibres, such as 'aloe', which closely resembles agave veracruze[4], for making agricultural ropes for domestic purposes and for use in irrigation, transport, coastal shipping, etc. In the work to be described in this letter, efforts were therefore made to replace these soft fibres with banana fibre.



2. EXPERIMENTAL

In the experimental rope, the batch components used were 10% sisal waste tow, 50% aloe' fibre, and 40% banana fibre; the banana fibre actually replaced the soft-fibre element, such as mesta, used in commercial agricultural ropes.

The physical characteristics of the component fibres in the batch, as well as those of the other hard and soft fibres used, were determined by standard methods and are given in Table I.

Table I

Physical Properties of Banana, Mesta, 'Aloe', Manila, and Sisal Fibres

Physical Characteristic	Banana Fibre	Mesta Fibre	'Aloe' Fibre	Manila Fibre	Sisal Fibre
Single-fibre tenacity (gf/tex)	50 (17·0–78·8)	42·8 (7·9–82·5)	37·2 (10·7–69·3)	35–45	40–45
Single-fibre tenacity (gf/tex) (after being wet overnight)	50·3 (17·2–75·5)	43·8 (14·2–71·4)	33·8 (13·9–58·7)	—	—
Single-fibre extension at break (%)	2·5 (1·5–3·4)	1·3 (0·5–2·6)	5·0 (4·0–25·8)	2·0–3·0	2·5–4·5
Single-fibre extension at break (%) (after being wet overnight)	2·3 (2·0–6·0)	1·4 (0·6–2·2)	6·6 (5·8–40·0)	—	—
Fibre-bundle tenacity (gf/tex)	28·4 (22·0–33·4)	23·2 (16·7–30·5)	23·7 (18·6–28·6)	20–35	22–36
Fibre-bundle tenacity (gf/tex) (after being wet overnight)	23·4 (17·3–31·0)	18·2 (11·1–27·9)	22·5 (17·9–25·0)	—	—
True density (g/cm^3)	1·31	1·47	1·47	1·45	1·45
Apparent density (g/cm^3)	0·62	1·21	1·17	1·20	1·20
Fibre porosity (%)	53	18	20·7	17	17
Uncombed linear density (tex) of 2-mm cut length	10·5 (3·0–12·0)	4 (3·5–5·5)	19·2 (18·3–19·7)	20–35	16–35
Flexural rigidity (dyn cm^2)	33 (20–50)	3·5–6·5	59·0 (55·2–65·0)	150–200	125–175
Moisture regain at 65% r.h. (%)	15·2	12·9	12·4	9·5	11
Length of raw fibre (cm)	85 (45–100)	—	47·2 (5–165)	—	—

Instead of the 'line system'[5] used for hard fibres, the 'tow system'[5] of normal rope-making machinery was used; it consisted of jute softener, teaser card, sisal-tow breaker card, sisal-tow finisher card, first-passage screwgill drawing, second-passage screwgill drawing, gill-spinner A.D. for rope yarn, roll winder, rope-stranding machine, and rope-laying machine. Before passing through the machines, the fibres were treated with the



CHE ORRIBILE FIBRE-BUNDLE TENACITY! AND AFTER BEING WET OVERNIGHT TOO!

(*a*) the experimental agricultural rope was stronger and more extensible than the corresponding commercial rope;
(*b*) both the ropes had similar structural characteristics;
(*c*) in the experimental rope, a higher tenacity was related to a larger circumference, whereas the extensibility showed no such relation;
(*d*) in the commercial rope, the extensibility increased with the circumference, but the tenacity remained practically unchanged.
(*e*) soaking in water for 48 hr reduced the tenacity of the experimental rope by about 9%.

OMIGOSH !

CAN OUR HEROINE ESCAPE?

SUCH TENACITY (gf/tex) IS HARD TO BEAR

CHE TRISTE DESTINO !



I FURFANTI! CHE TRISTE DESTINO HANNO IN SERBO PER LA POVERA ORFANELLA?

POVERA ORFANELLA – THOUGH THE TENACITY IS RELATED TO HER CIRCUMFERENCE THE EXTENSIBILITY SHOWS NO SUCH RELATION

4. CONCLUSION

Banana-plant fibre can replace certain percentages of mesta fibre in the composition of agricultural ropes. The mesta or allied fibres[8] thus saved could then more profitably be used for packaging textiles and other materials.

This additional outlet for the products of banana plantations would benefit the farmer, but a prerequisite for economic use of banana fibre will be a steady bulk supply, initially at a somewhat lower price than that of the existing comparable fibres.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thanks are due to the Khadi and Village Industries Commission, Maharashtra, India, for supplying banana fibre. The author's gratitude is also due to Dr. S. B. Bandyopadhyay, the Director of the Jute Technological Research Laboratories, for his guidance and permission to publish the results, to Mr. J. Ferrier, Ganges Ropes Ltd, for the facilities provided for running the industrial trial, and to various scientific staff for co-operation in different fields.

AND, WHAT IF, JUST SUPPOSING SHE DOES GET FREE, THE FIENDISH CAPTORS HAVE, TO PREVENT HER ESCAPE, DRAINED OUT THE SUMP-OIL OF HER FAITHFUL 2CV CITROEN ONTO THE SAND !!! ???

... meanwhile, six thousand miles across the mailways, in the suburban calm of Adel-cum-Eccup, England, an aged eleventh hour artworker calls upon all the manifold resources of his traditional British restraint in an attempt to cope with

SHLOP!

Or, the true history of the VILE in the eye

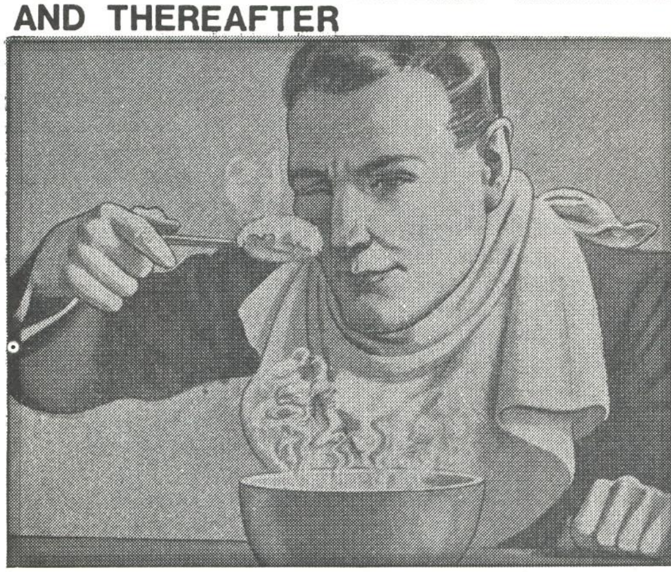
BEFORE



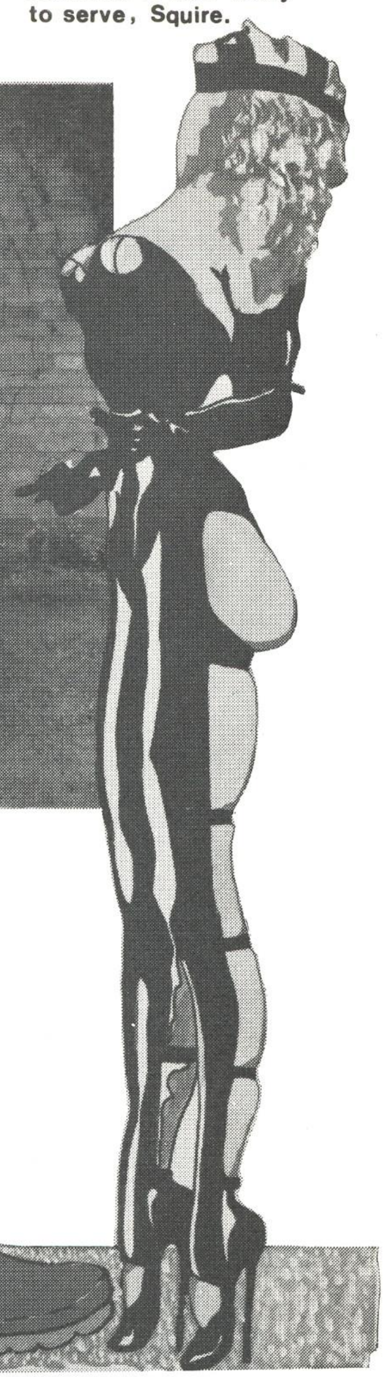
DURING

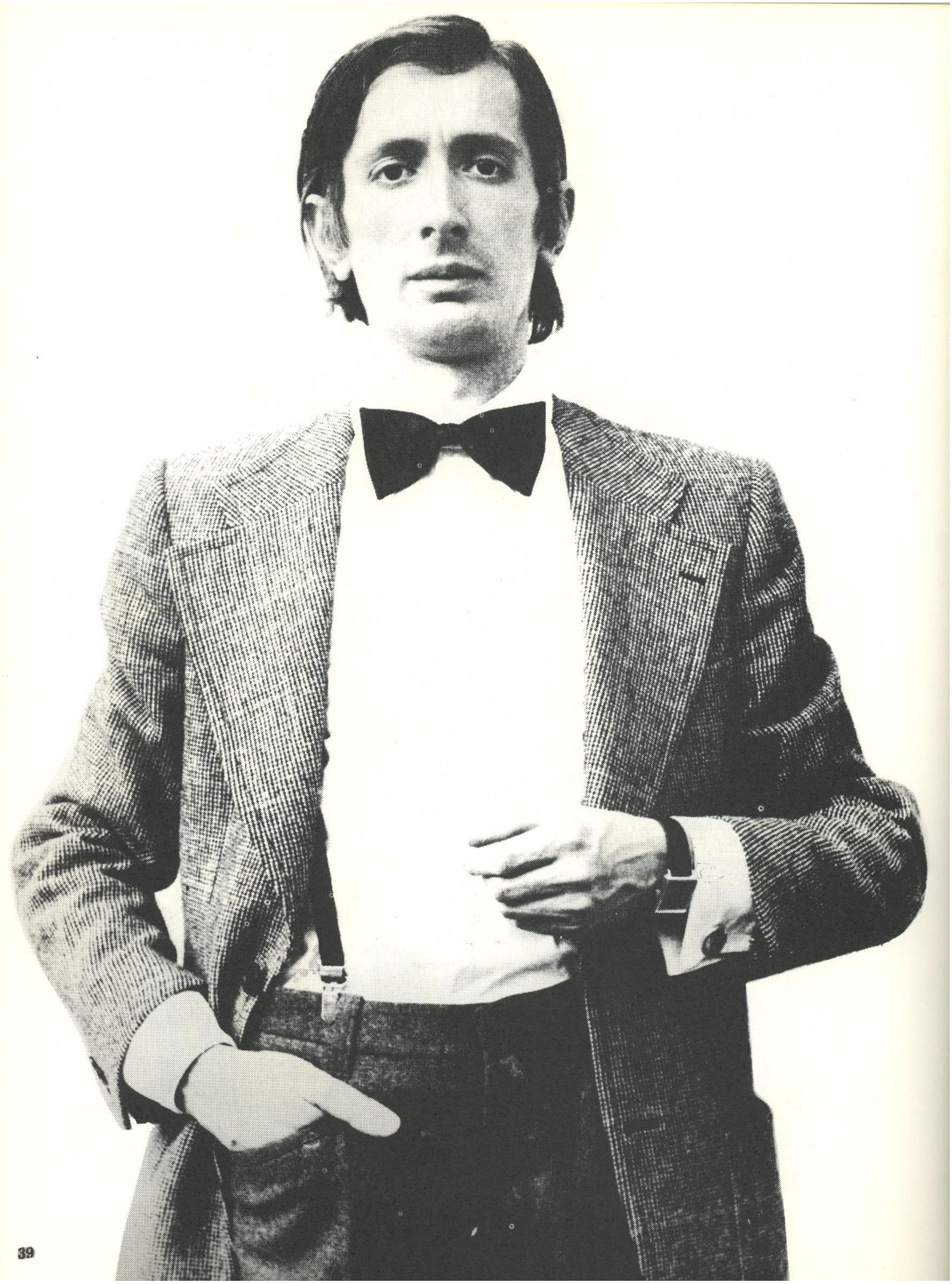


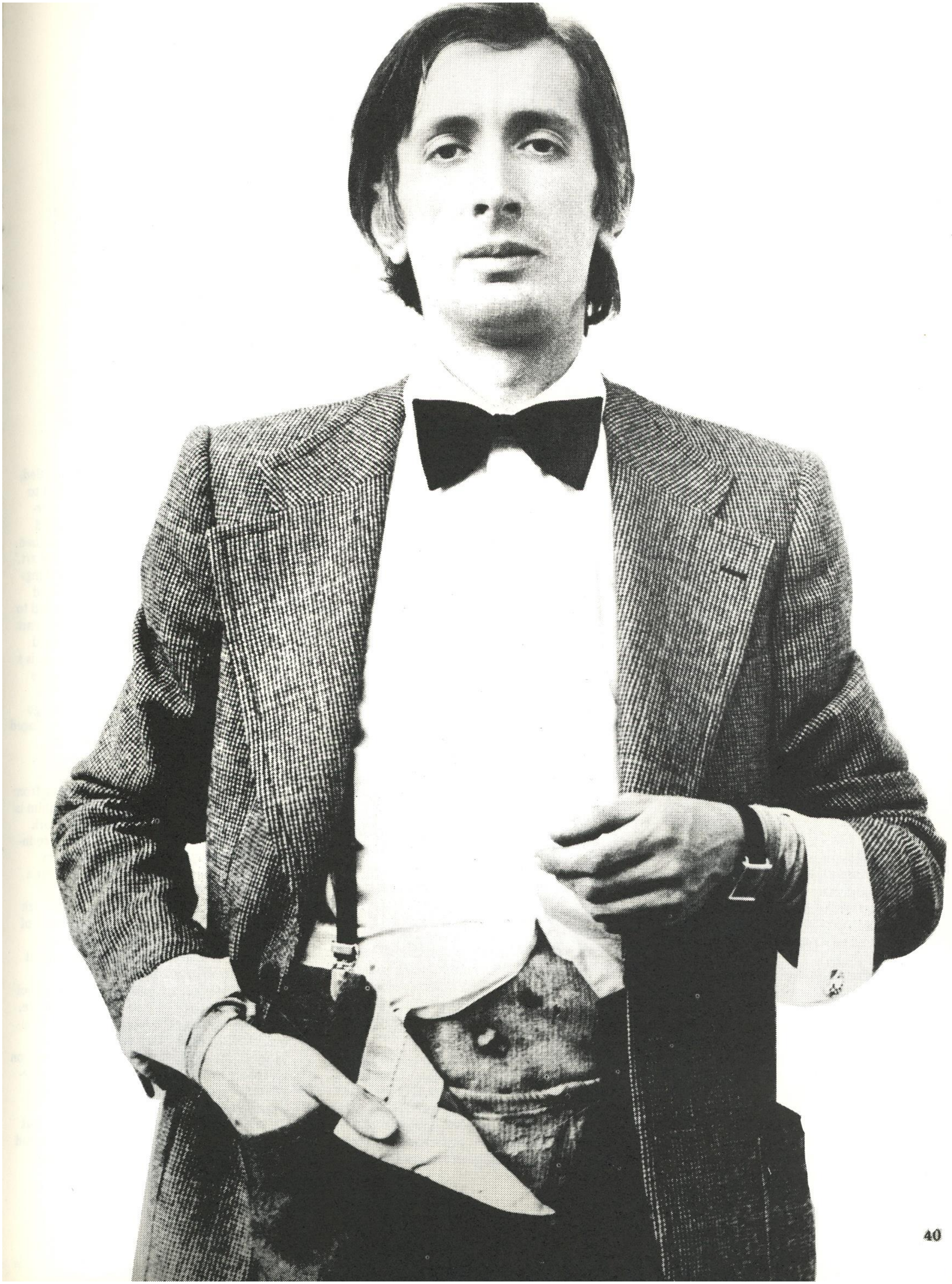
AND THEREAFTER











ISAACS/ *Seeking congruity through correspondence*

—Stan Isaacs, Newsday, Fri., July 25, 1975.

What is art? What is yogurt? What is a Ray Johnson? I know a lot about art, but I don't know what I like. Put that in your potato salad and stoke it. Nobody's perfect.

Those crystal clear thoughts are the result of spending some time with Ray John Johnson, the Locust Valley artist and friend of the United States Postal Service. A session with Johnson brings to mind the story about the lecture on dadaism by a college professor that was interrupted when a student threw a plate of potato salad at the professor. And isn't that, asked the student, precisely the kind of thing that a dadaist would do?

Ray Johnson is an artist who does what might be called collages and what might be called something else. Newsday Critic Malcom Preston once wrote, where the art of Ray Johnson ends and that of the viewer begins."

Johnson is esteemed here because of his work as the dean of a correspondence school. Johnson sends things to people in the mails. He encourages people to send things to other people. He calls it art. He is known as the Big Dada of the mails.

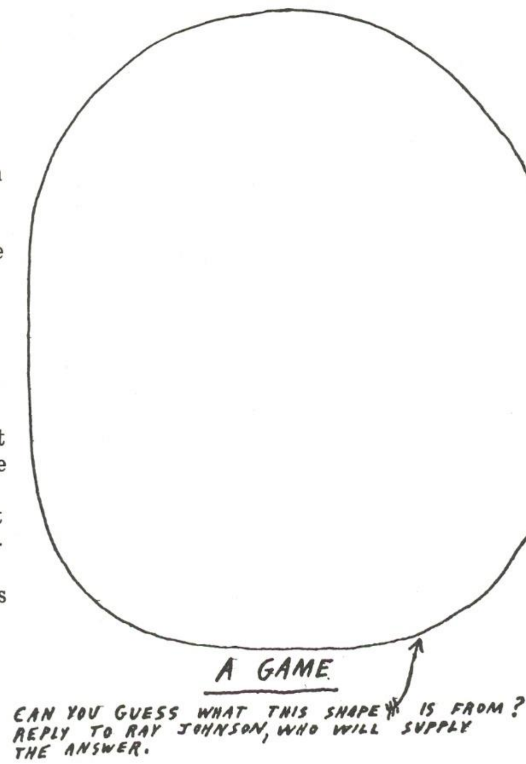
A column recently appeared here on the Dannon yogurt people. A few days later, there was something in the mail from Johnson. It was a box filled with 100 of the round tops from yogurt containers. That is Johnson's art. I don't know much about art, but I like the 100 yogurt boxtops. They are not for sale.

"It is an idealistic thing to put things into an envelope," Johnson says. "Everything I do has a great deal of thought beyond sealing and pasting a letter."

The main rooms downstairs in Johnson's old frame house in Locust Valley are almost completely bare. There is an old Persian rug with a huge white paint spot on it in the front room. "That was spilled by the ghost of Janis Joplin," Johnson says.

His bedroom upstairs is cluttered with cartons, books, newspapers, magazines and and clothes. There is no bedframe. It takes the eye time to get adjusted to the mess in order to pick out the mattress on the floor. Johnson says, "This is the entire correspondence school. This is my Collyer Brothers mess."

One of the missives sent out by Johnson is called "A Game." It is a free-form circle with the teaser: "Can you guess what this shape is from? Reply to Ray Johnson, who who will supply the answer."

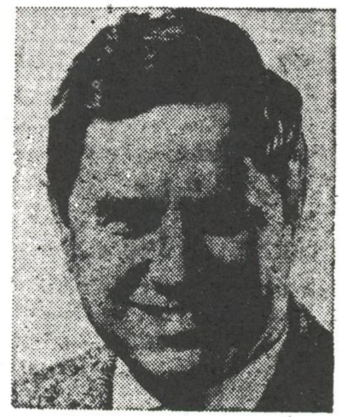


Johnson was born in Detroit Oct. 16, 1927. He says he is 46. "As a child I was a voracious art student." He went to Black Mountain College. He moved from New York City to Glen Cove to Locust Valley. He is the only artist on his block.

Johnson's works are collages, assemblages, visual tomfooleries, put-ons, ins and outs. He currently is in a strong snake phase. He has just completed a work entitled "100 Snakes." It is an assemblage of 100 cardboard discs from packing crates. On every disc are drawings in India inks and color washes, with raised bits of cardboard and bric-a-brac. Drawings of snakes predominate.

One disc is a man's bikini fitted around the cardboard with a picture of a snake coming out of the bikini. Johnson spreads the 100 discs on the floor in a spiral resembling a snake. The work is scheduled to be shown in a Dallas museum this fall.

At a 1972 showing of his works at the Alla Galleria Schwarz in Milan, the catalogue said, "For many years Ray Johnson was very reluctant about showing his work in public and one suspects that this reluctance was largely an intollerance for the idea of putting things in frames under glass."



One of Johnson's collages was entitled, "I Shot an Arrow Into the Air, It Fell to Earth in Our Darling Daughter's Underwear." And Harvey Aronson, the grand panjandrum of Northport, once described Johnson's work as "pop goes the easel art.'

As a kid, Johnson sent away for things through the mails. He sent boxtops and wrappers. In the early 1960s, he started to send cryptic illustrated messages to friends and celebrities. He is somewhat freaked out on stars. ("Dear Joan Crawford, It is a nice day . . . so I thought I should write you. How are you and all that stuff?") "It's amazing how a year later people go into obscurity," he says. He recently staged a happening at New York Tech called, "Ray Johnson's History of Yoko Ono and John."

Anybody who receives an offering from Johnson or who sends something to him is enrolled automatically in his New York Correspondence School. Free. He once invited hundreds of friends to send him something, and selected 106 pieces for a show at the Whitney Museum.

These are bad times for the New York Correspondence School. Johnson talks of killing it off because "postal rates keep going up. It's difficult to keep running it in the current economy."

The New York Correspondence School will not die if the people do not let it die. Johnson can be addressed c/o Locust Valley, N.Y. 11560. "The correspondence school," he says, "is a kind of conversation in object form. Instead of spoken conversation, there is the intimacy of receiving something."

It is better to give than to receive, but nice guys are always chasing rainbows and if youth is wasted on the young, that's what makes horse racing.

100 SWANS
44 WEST 7 STREET
LOCUST VALLEY
NEW YORK 11560

August 22, 1975

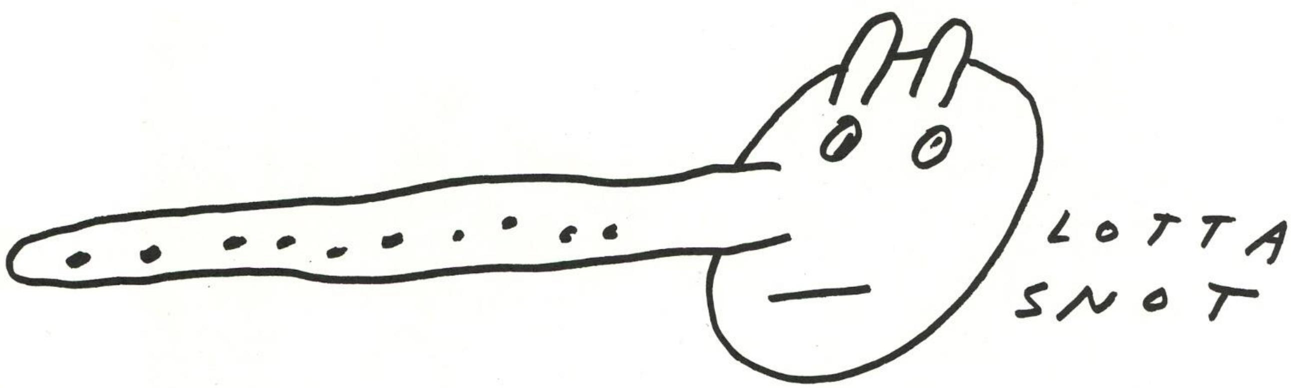
Anna,

Yes, Vile got here and thank you. May said she never got a copy. I said to her Well did you subscribe?

I would suggest you send a copy to Robert Hughes, 143 Prince St., NYC 10012. He is the art editor of Time magazine. Has a red parrot. Tell him Ray sent you. ← his home addres

I spoke to Lynda Benglis on the phone last night. Ho hum.

H o hum.



I went to visit a lady who paints bottles and lives on JULY street.


VILE
A timely suggestion to those who need

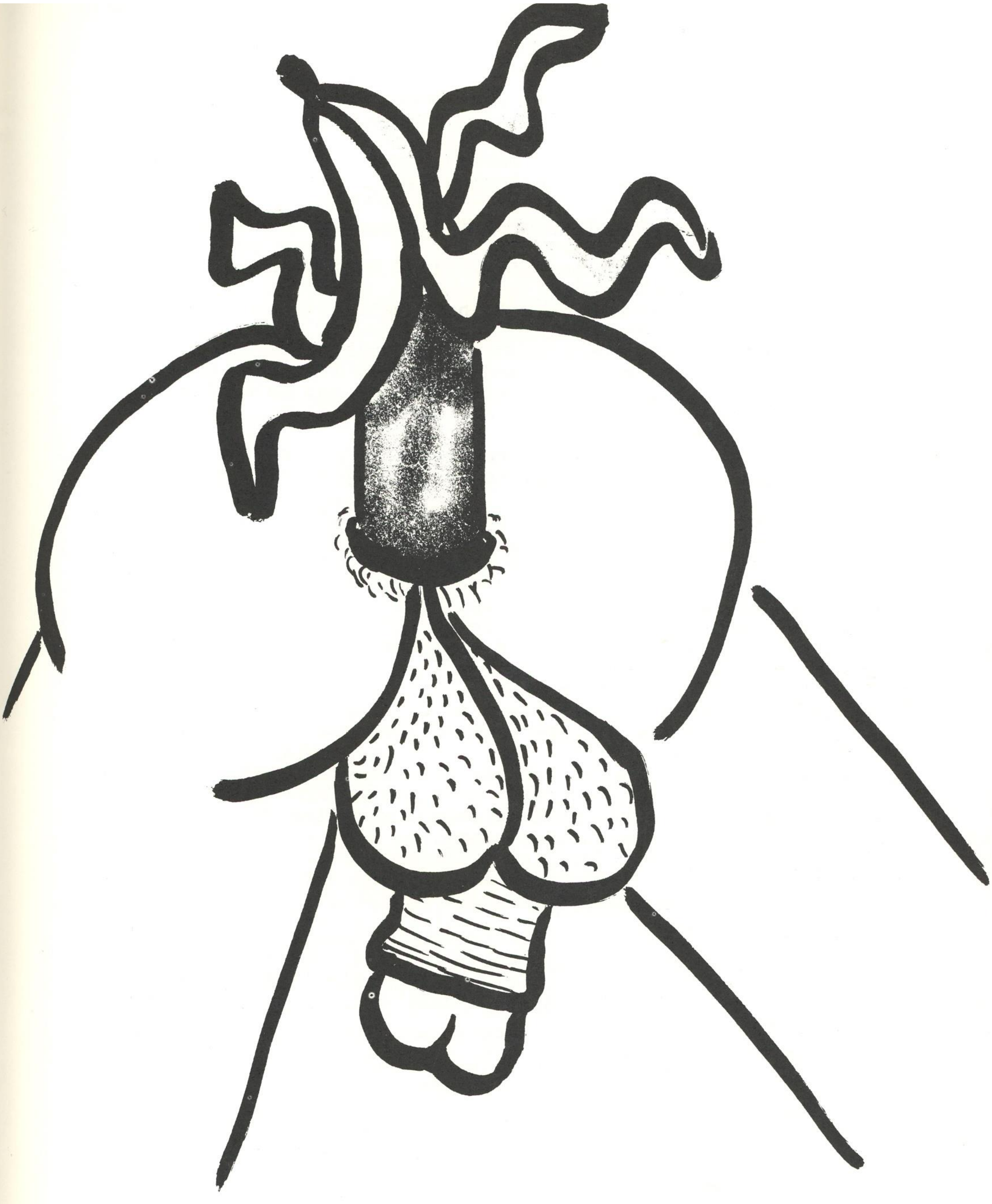


VILE
DADA IS EVER HERE
PETER L. BEVEREN 74.

Aug. 8th 45

Dear Anna,
Sorry, but I couldn't
make it to the Banana
Olympics. I was busy
that day feeling up
Eggplants, bananas, and
sniffing little girls' bi-
cycle seats. I think of you
all the time — all
the lovely things we
could do together, hope
you feel the same way
I do about bananas. You
might be the person with
whom I could share my
secret fantasies, like taking
turns shoving bananas up
each other's ass while we're
fucking, unpeeled of course.
We could pull them out
and suck each other's banan-
as while masturbating each
other, standing in a bath-
tub full of mashed bananas
and chocolate sauce. I'm sure you'll
have some ideas of your own, too.
Hope to hear from you soon.
You appeal to me.

Love,
Buster



VALERY OISTEANU

An interview with the Farmisist (Dr. Morrison)
Interview by Dr. Cornealyus Dik
Date: 9/8/75
Location: Large clearing near Marion, Iowa
anciant site of the Farmounians

Dr. Cornealyus: Dr. Morrison, may I call you that? Or would you prefer F.art?

Dr. Morrison: F.art is fine, I'd like to keep this as infarmal as possible.

C: Can you tell me where you got the name f.art?

F: Sure, it's short forFARMART.

C: That's interesting, does anyone ever call you Dr. F.art?

F: Sure, it's a very scientific name... Dr. Fartison.

C: Well, F.art, since I last visited you at the farm alot has happened, certainly you've done wonders with Cornogaphy and now this new field of F.art.

F: Yes, we've been thinking of new imporkant directions we could take our research and we've developed some new areas of cornsentration.

C: Would you like to elaborate on that for me?

F: Yes, it all happened one day quite by accident; I was plowing up a field on the farm and I discovered something that looked like a teapot... a very old one. That was the first piece of "RURALWARE" ever found by an Artyologist.

C" You mean you discovered a piece of rare Rural?

F: Yes, the first relic that led the Farmasuitical team to the discovery of the Farmounians!!!

C: The Farmounians?, what's that?

F: We have varified the existance of an anciant group of farmers that inhabited the eastern part of Iowa about (?) 500 BC. (before Ceramix)

C: 500 BC?, that would put them in the era of grease.

F: Yes, they lived in the great Agraage and farmed alot of Corn and also made a crude kind of ceramics called Poland China and they traded salt to the Durocianz.

C: Where did they come from?

F: As farm as we can tell they floated down the Missisippi River on corncob rafts after a long and difficult trip across the Boaring Staits.

C: That WAS a long trip, where did they settle?

F: As near as we can tell at this point and from the numerus relics we've found in the area of our main Artillogical site the main farm was located about five miles from what is now Marion Iowa.

C: The Main Farm you say?

F: Yes, it was a large clearing in the shape of a big pig. The area is now referred to as Pig Point.

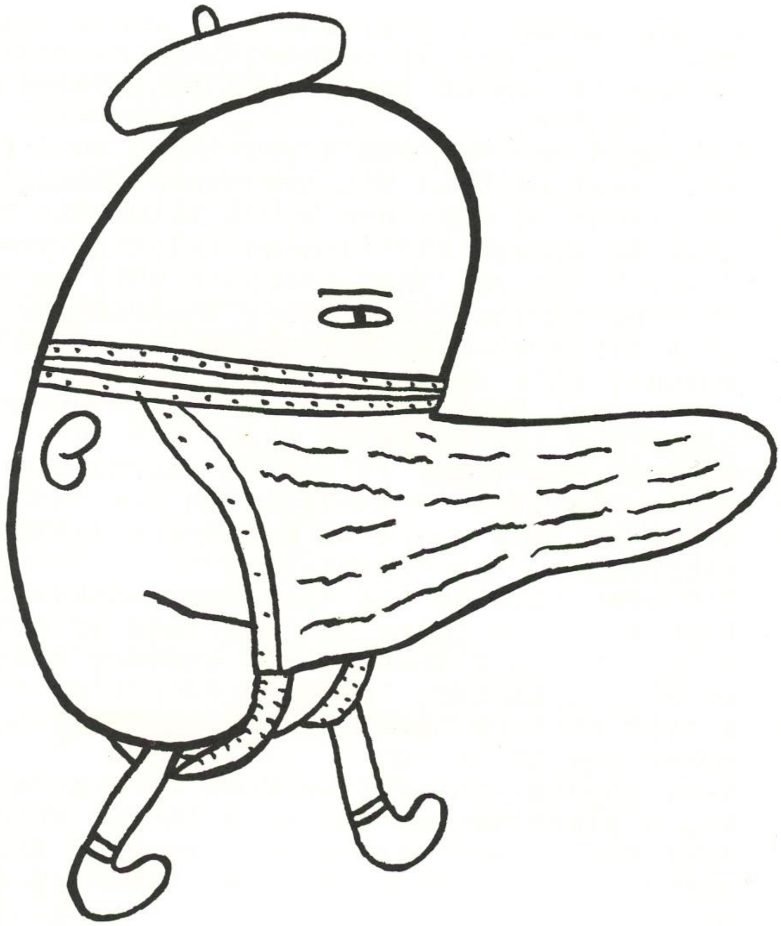
C: Sounds exciting and you've probally stumbed on the biggest find in years, even pigger... er excuse me, bigger than Dr. Freaky and his discovery of the anciant Durocianz.

F: Could Be?

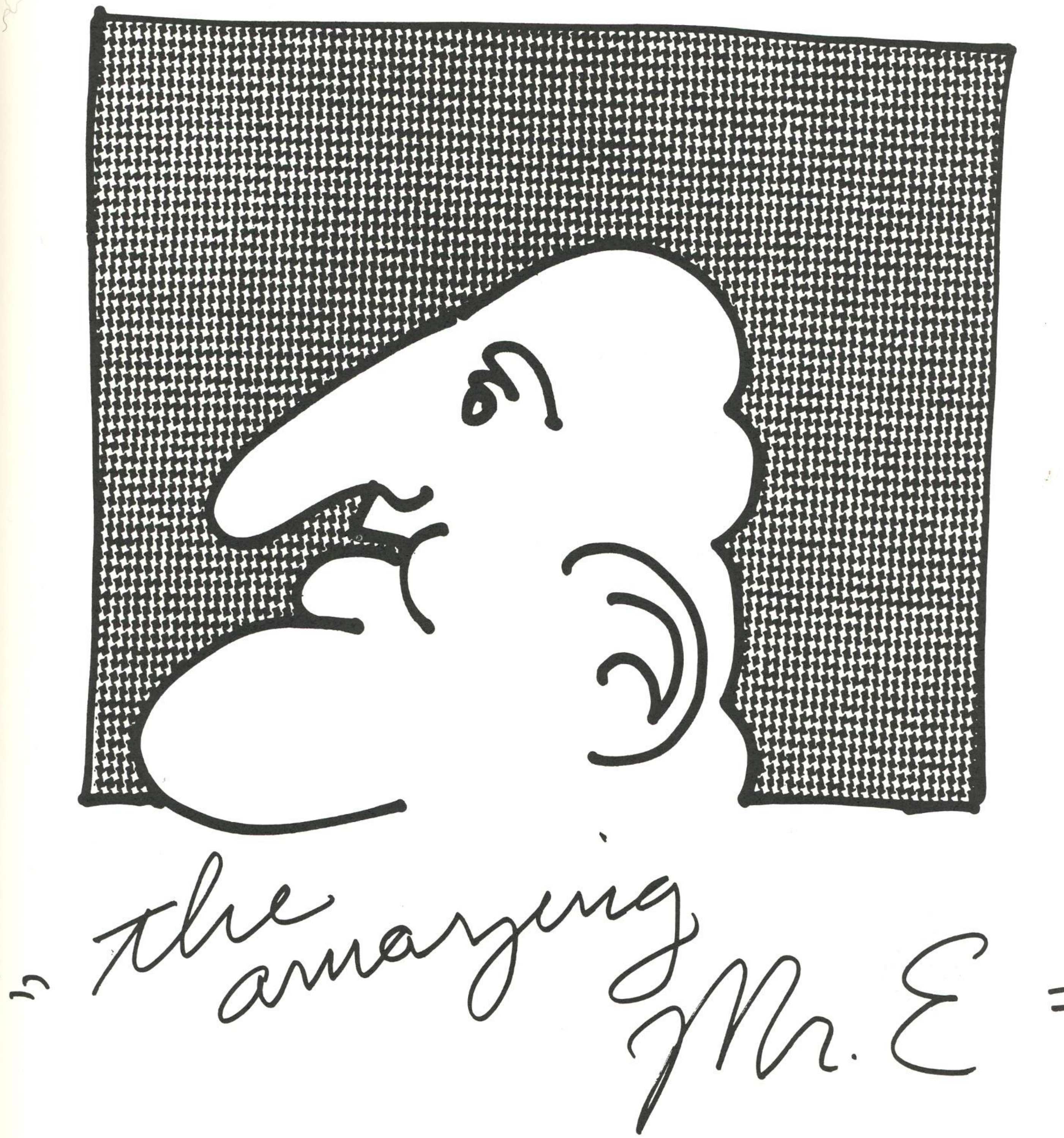
F: Of course we've found other evidence in the area; however, Dr. Cornealyus, this must be kept in the strictest cornfidence.

Interview cont.

C: Of course.
F: We've found something that will astonish Artyologists and Farmisists from around the world.
C: What?
F: "PIGTAGLPHS"!!!! in a heavily wooded area just north of Pig Point. Strange drawings on rock walls.
C: Farmounians, ruralware, pigtaglphs... sounds a little fantastic to me.
F: It is fantastic Dr., and true never the less. I'm in the process now of corntacting several imporkant institutions to see if any of them might be interested in Artillogical Infarmation.
C: It could be? but don't you think most Museums are a little skeptical of what you and other Farmisists are doing?
F: Yes, most of them are but I think the Smithsonin might be able to accept it? I mean think of the RELICS!!!
F: I think the one that everyone will be most interested in is the one particular pigture that is the strangest of all. It's of a sorcerer-like animal holding onto a large hog-like animal, it's very grafic... it depicts kind of an "embrace" one animal behind the other one, the one in the front is either laughing? or in great pain?
C: What do you think it means? certainly there is a meaning? How could it be translated into a "modern" kind of symbol?
F: Well, at this point we know very little but it has been recorded as the "Pigstyle".
C: I'd sure like to see that one, sounds very modern; what else have you been doing in the field of Artyology?
F: I found what I thought was another teapot that turned out to be a salt shaker.
C: A salt shaker? pretty sophisticated don't you think? What makes you think so?
F: Very sophisticated!, we know it's a salt shaker because it has a place to put the salt in and a pouring snout, we also know that the Farmounians were very fond of salt, that's why they worshipped the PIG, why they worshipped their imporkant Icorn Baconus and why they traded saltpork with the Durocians.... salt was extremely imporkant to them alright.
C: You mentioned "worship", were the Farmounians religious?
F: We think so, in fact we're very positive now. Piginisum was the main religion in ancient Iowaonia and the Farmounian Artists, known in the community as F.artists, made many small replicas of their God Baconius.
C: Piginism? you're positive Dr. F.artison?
F: YES!!, it was real, they engaged in frenzied dances, screamed aloud and participated in terrible forms of Cornography.
C: Cornography?
F: Yes, we know all of this from the Pigtaglphs and of course the Poland China ware.
C: Well Dr. F.artison certainly you're onto something as you've said yourself it's IMPORKANT!! Thank you for your valuable time and good luck in the field.
F: Thank you Dr. Cornialyus for your patiance!



SUPPORT THE ARTS


"the amazing Mr. E"

Anna Banana:

You are the scum of the earth.
You are disgusting.
You are rotten.
Daily shipments of all the dog turds from the New York streets and all the used condoms from New York harbor would be too good for you.
Friends of mine, even enemies of mine, have received copies of VILE, but you have not sent me a copy.
Beware!
You must send me a copy instantly, by return mail, or who knows what foul curses will come crashing upon your head, or what despicable fate will befall you.
You have been warned.

Geoff Hendricks

October 1, 1974

311 Church Street
New York, N.Y. 10013



The Editors
VILE
1183 Church Street
San Francisco, California
94114

19 August 1974

A VILE thought:

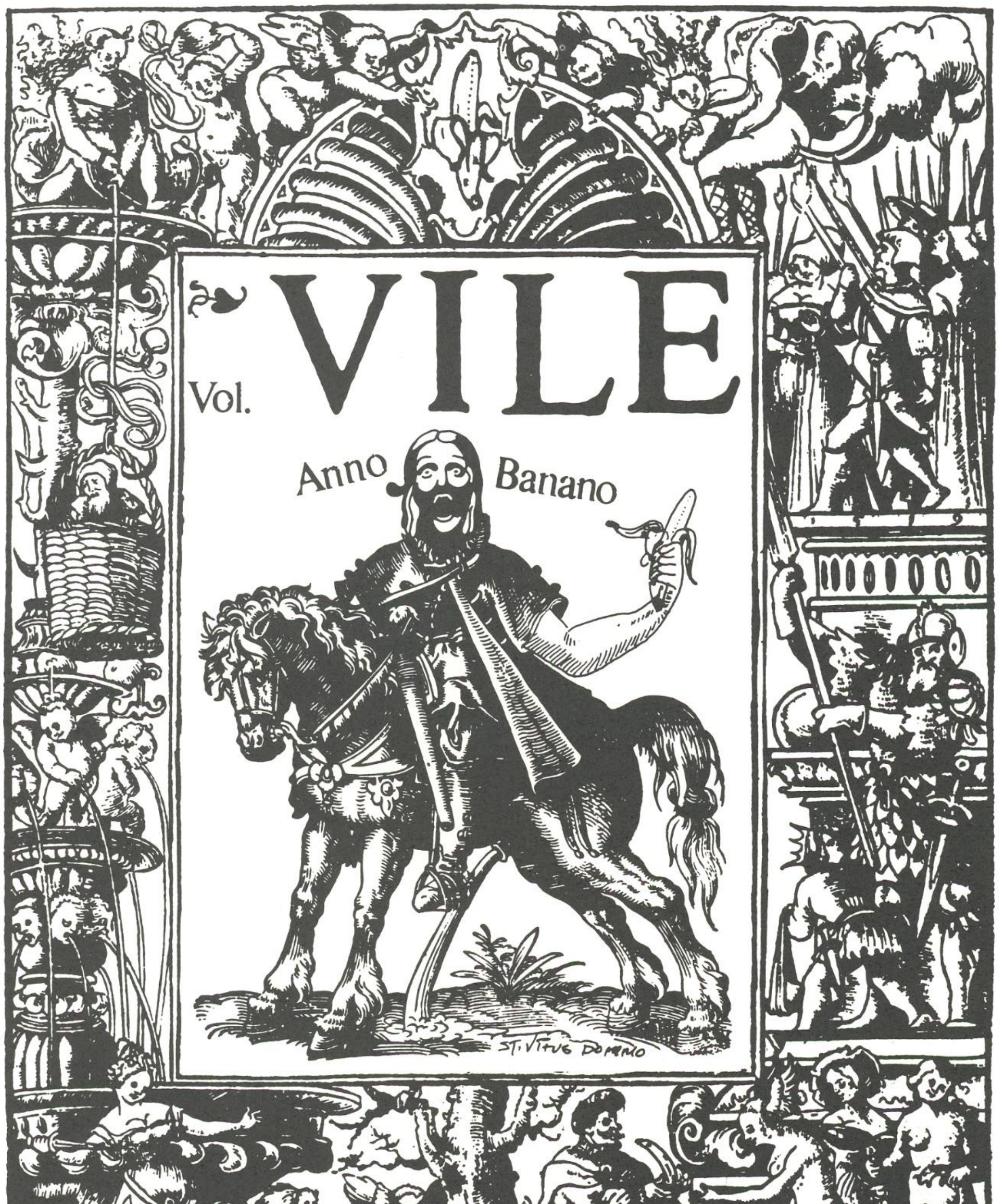
80.

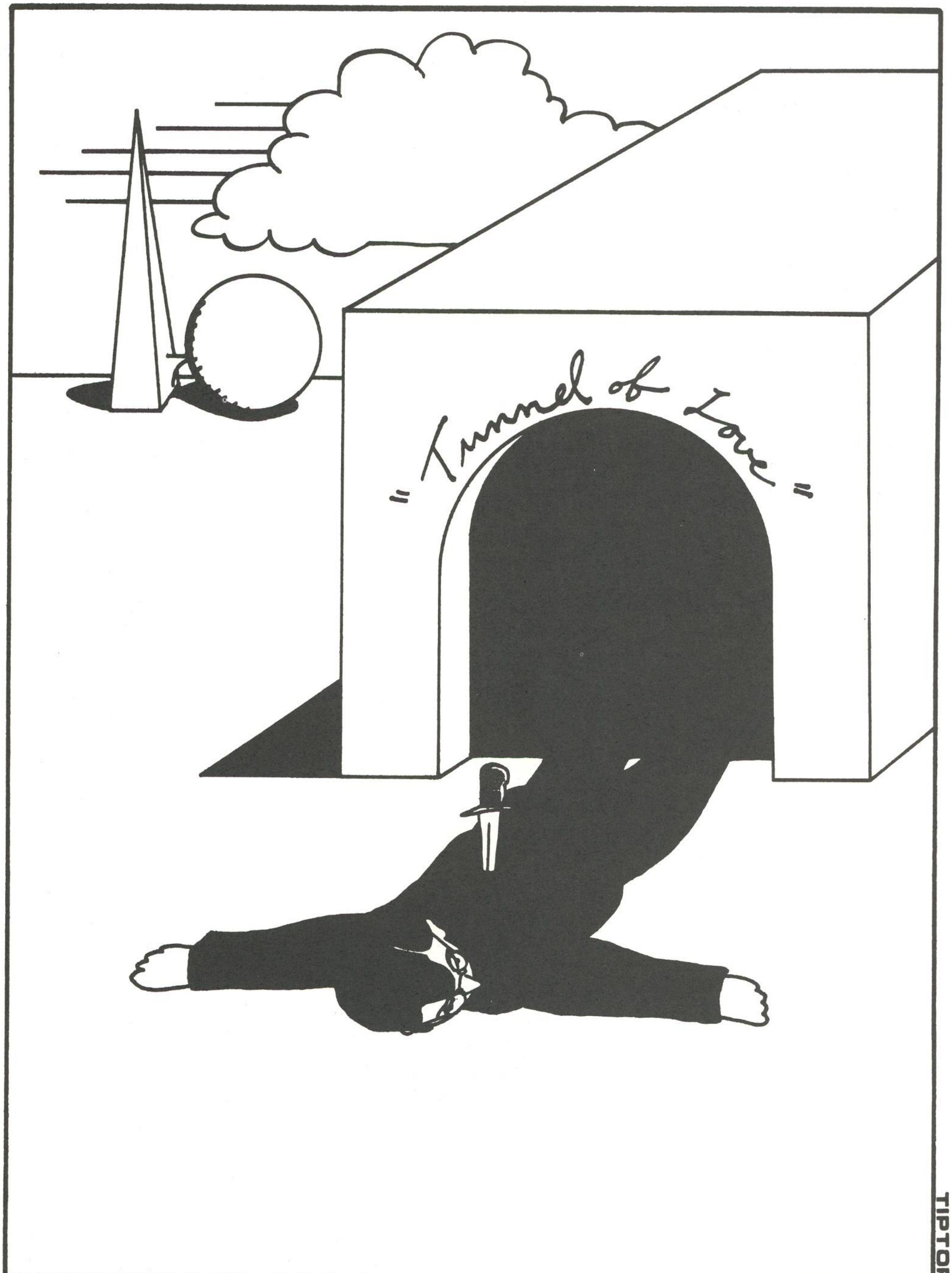
He tried, but his fingers were too thick and dry.

"I was so certain," she cried, "that I had shut it off."

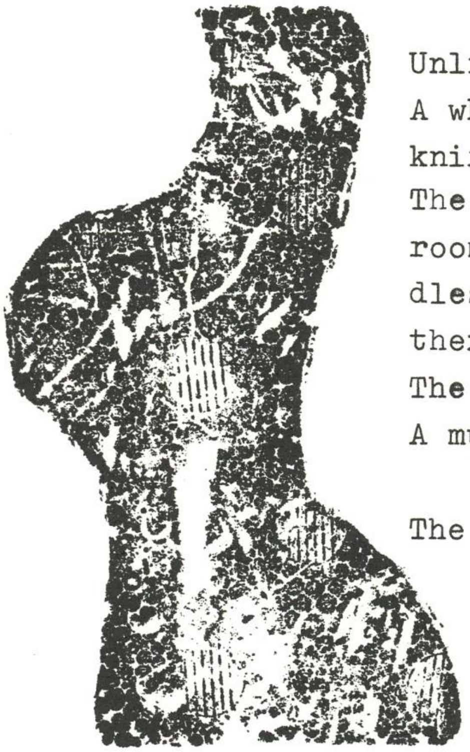
Davi Det Hompson

Davi Det Hompson
Box 7035
Richmond Virginia
USA 23221


Vol.
VILE
Anno
Banano
ST. VITUS DOMINO


"Tunnel of Love"
TIPTOP

The Collective Destruction // The Rite// 1.



Unlimited players. A ceremony's master.
A white paper toy human size. a small
knife and a red ink-box.
The toy is put in the middle of a desert
room wich is enlighted by four large can
dles. Players come around the toy sit on
their legs.
The priest wears a black tunic.
A musical bottom with noise of the bodies.

The action:

the priest (i. e. the ceremony's master) cuts a piece of hair to each player. he loca tes them - all together- on toy's head.

players, soaking the index finger into red ink, leave their track on the toy.

the priest enters a kind of metal vasin where he's cutting slowly the toy bit by bit. he puts it to fire to extinguis it with red wine later on.

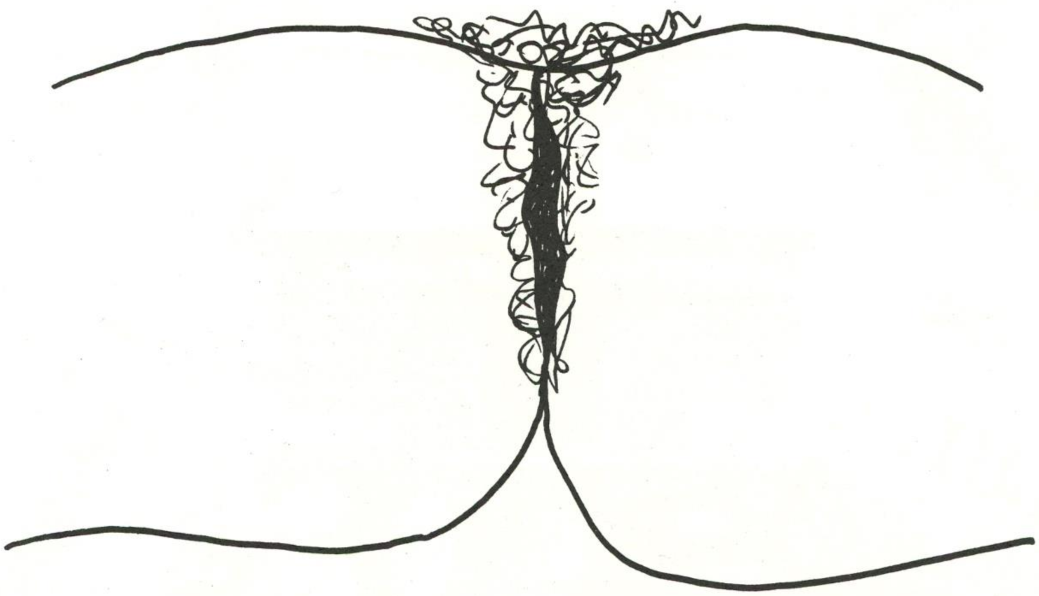
players, after it, drink into the wash-vasin .

music falls out.

the payers commit themselves to the rithm of individuality.

(teresa macho mariano h. de ossorno)





PUT YOUR BANANA IN WHATEVER YOU WANT...

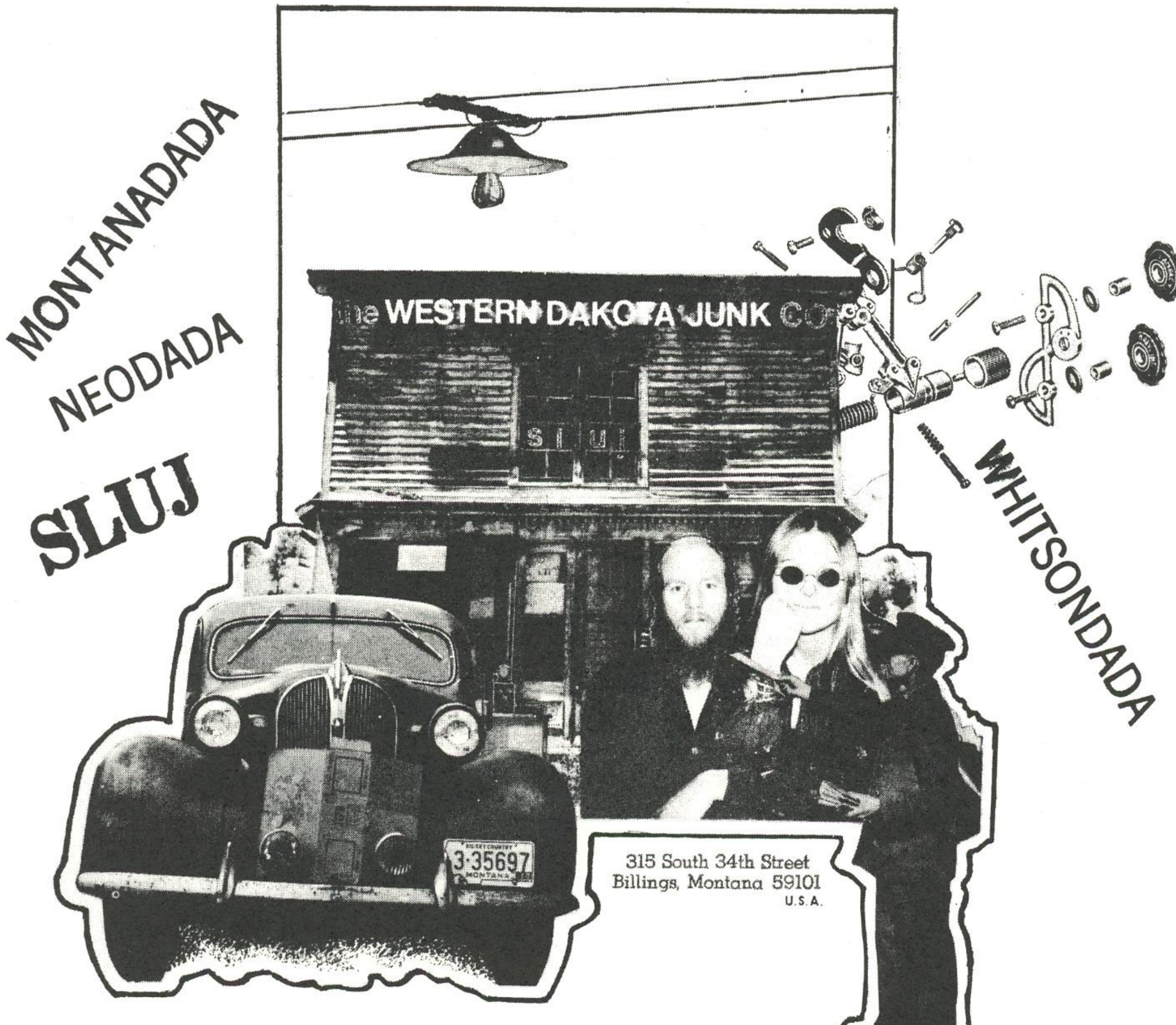
AND FEEL THE EMPTYNESS AND FRUSTRATION THAT AWAITS YOU BEHIND THE PAGE. IN NO OTHER WAY DOES ART WORK. IT GIVES YOU A SUBSTITUTE OF REALITY SO TO RUN AWAY FROM IT.

ART WILL BE WHAT YOU DO CONCERNING THE ENVIRONMENT AND NOT WHAT YOU DO CONCERNING A SYSTEM REPRESENTATIVE OF THE SAME ENVIRONMENT.

"Inobjetal I"/71 PADÍN.

Dear, this is my contribution "(Artistic)" for your meet

THE POCKET HISTORY OF ART (YOU TOO CAN BE AN INTELLECTUAL).............



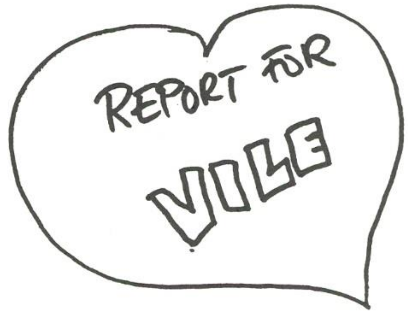
"JUNK IS ART--ART IS JUNK" --Whitson -1969 "I THINK ART IS
3 FEET LONG. I LIKE ART & I LIKE HIS WIFE MAGGIE TOO." --Eric W
eller (Capt. Billy's Whiz Bang Art Works) -1970 "I LIKE ART, BUT I L
IKE HIS WIFE MAGGIE BETTER." --Whitson -1970 "IF IT DON'T LOOK LIKE
MAGGIE IT MUST BE ART." --Whitson -1972 "I'D RATHER MAKE MAGGIE THAN
MAKE ART." --Whitson -1973 "ART IS GOOD, BUT MAGGIE IS BETTER." --Gr
eg Puchalski (Cow Studios) -1973 "IF I LIKE IT IT'S MY ART, & I CAPT
URE ITS SPIRIT INSIDE MY CHEAPO POLAROID PICTURE BOX--THEM NATIVES WA
S RIGHT." --Whitson -1969 ART WAS RELEASED FROM THE GALLERY/MONEY GA
ME BY RAY JOHNSON (NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL) -c. 1954, EXPANDED
BY JOHN 'J. HOPPER' COOPER -c. 1967, STUMBLED OVER BY WHITSON c. 1969
, & DIED APRIL 5, 1973 ("APRIL 5, 1973 THE NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE SC
HOOL DIED." --Ray Johnson)... "I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO CALL IT ALL MAG
GIE FROM NOW ON." --Whitson 4-28-73 "DOES THIS MEAN THAT WE ARE NO L
ONGER ARTISTS BUT NOW ON TO BE CALLED 'MAGGOTS'?" --Gary King (Unkle
Harvey's Funktion) -3-22-74 "ART AIN'T DEAD--MAGGIE'S LOOKIN FOR INS
URANCE & HIT HIM." --G.H. Hill -4-75..................................

Whitson
7-15-75



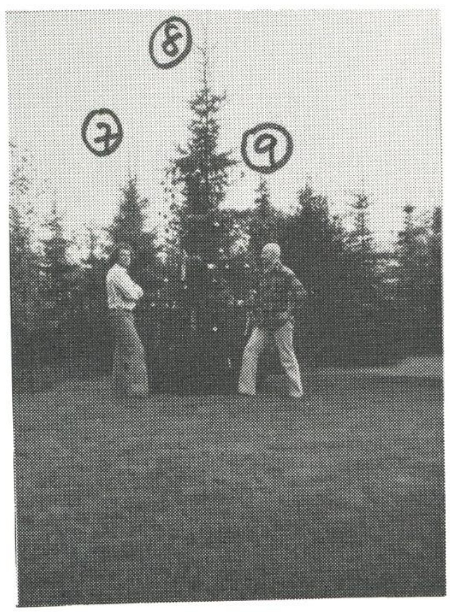
INTERNATIONAL ARTISTS' COOPERATION

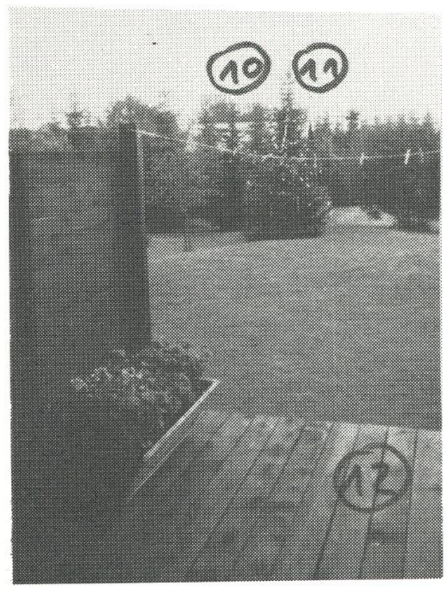
c/o klaus groh D- 29o1 friedrichsfehn roter steinweg 2 a
Federal Republic of Germany Tel.:044o96/354



(1) CHRISTMAS-TREE SUMMER '74
(2) MARTHA HENRICKSON, TORONTO, CANADA
(3) MAREK KONIECZNY, WARSZAWA, POLAND
(4) THOMAS HENRICKSON, TORONTO, CANADA
(5) SEBASTIAN H. -"- -"- -"-
(6) IGOR KONIECZNY, WARSZAWA, POLAND
(7) KLAUS GROH, FRIEDRICHSFEHN
(8) CHRISTMAS-TREE, SUMMER '74
(9) MAREK KONIECZNY, WARSZAWA, PL.
(10) POCKET MUSEUM OF(F) MODERN ART

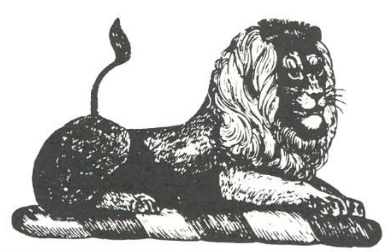








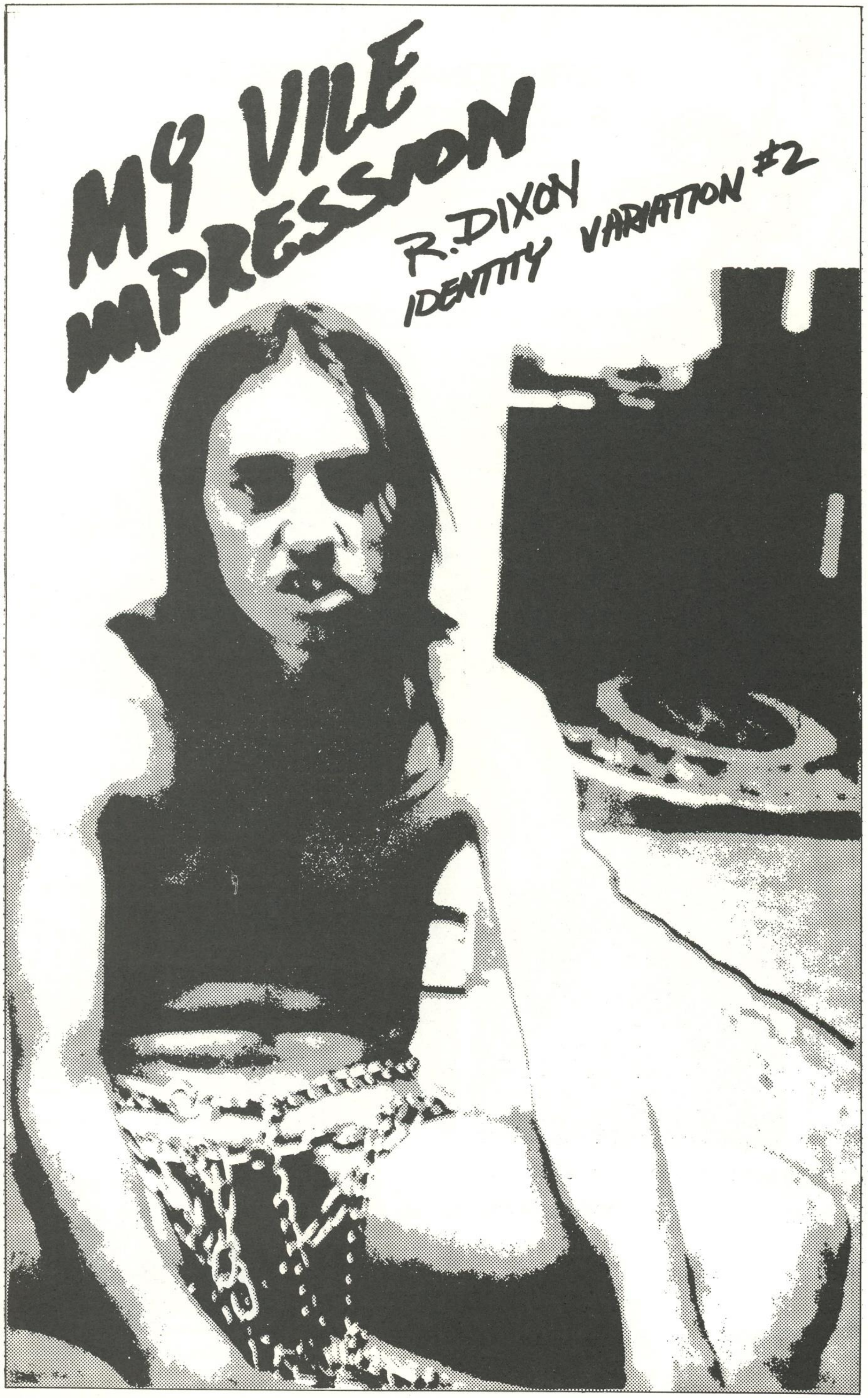
(11) CHRISTMAS-TREE SUMMER '74
(12) I.A.C. - CENTER, FRIEDRICHSFEHN



& ARCHIVE EDITION

K. Groh

DADA RESEARCH CENTER

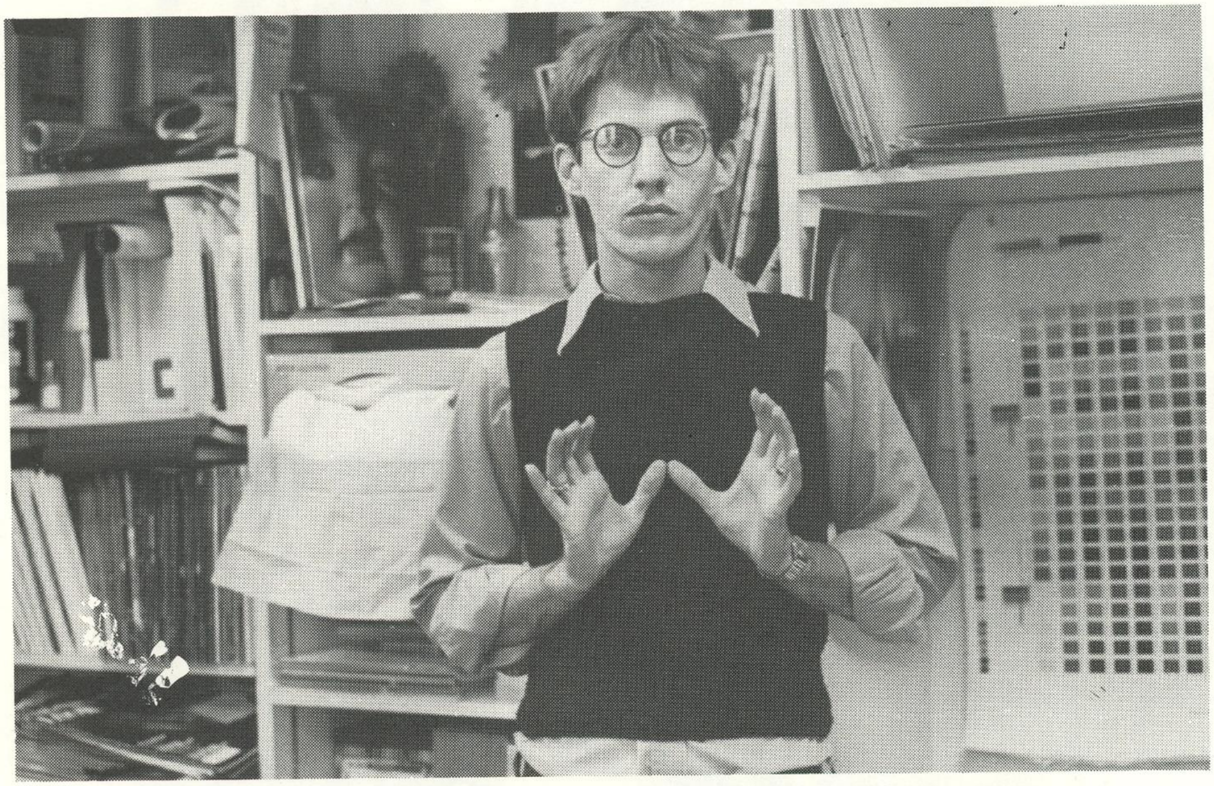

MY VILE
IMPRESSION
R. DIXON
IDENTITY VARIATION #2



TO VILE:
"MY SHOE EATING BREAD."

(MARROQUIN.)
(1.974)

DADA'S PROFILES
(Pronounced "Quack")



Michael St.Vitus

HOME: Cincinnati

PROFESSION: Junk art superstar, Perfect fool, Father

HOBBIES: Spiritual director of research and amnesia for the st. vitus dance building fund

LAST BOOK READ: Vile 1 No. 1

QUOTE: "worthless as tits on a door."

PROFILE: founded st. vitus building fund a nonprophet organization for the propagation of non-essential arts and public dancing out of context, ten year plan author, ultimate minimal art statements, winner of coveted asshole award, brown belt in season but never with black shoes, and amen.

ST. VITUS

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Keep closed tightly in a cool dry place

CONTART WISHES POST

REHFELDT ACTUAL



POLAND SITUATION

NEWS

160375 BERLIN OLD
170375 art design rehfeldt
180375 DADA CENTER

ddr 110 berlin-pankow.
mendelstraße 19
telefon 482411
r. d. a. / g d r

ART IN CONTACT

ITS LIFE IN ART

WISHING YOU A
GREAT SUCCES
CONCERNING
YOUR MEETING

FAITHFULLY YOURS

Robert Rehfeldt

CONTART

art design
rehfeldt


ONE OF THE EARLIEST KNOWN AHL'S


JEWISH A.H.L. WITH BUILT IN WEEPING WALL
ISRAEL


PREPARING THE INAUGURAL A.H.L. FOR "THE CHIEF"


ALL TEXANS SHOULD HAVE ONE.



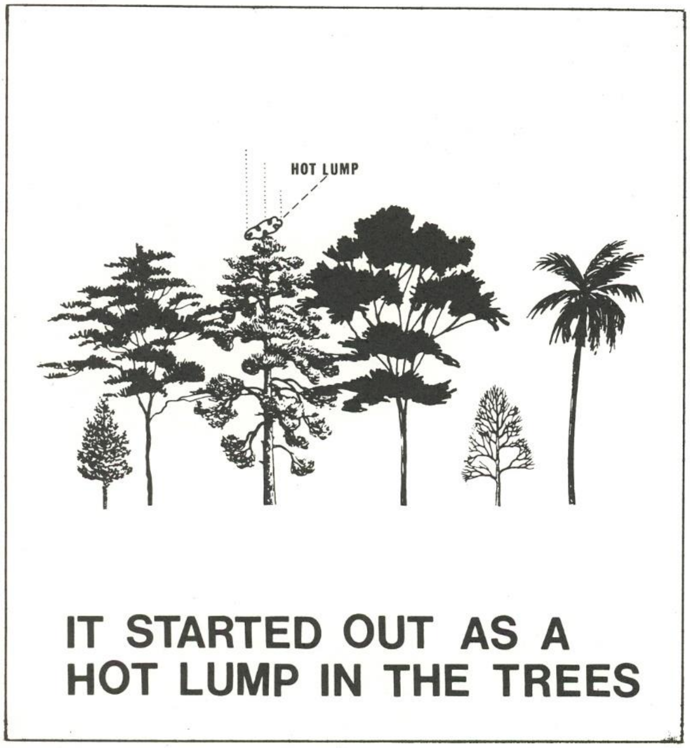


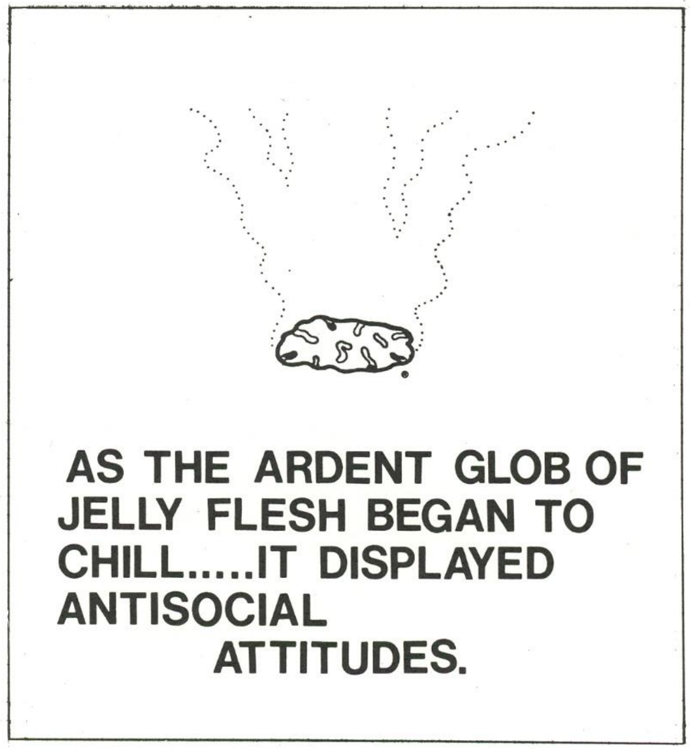


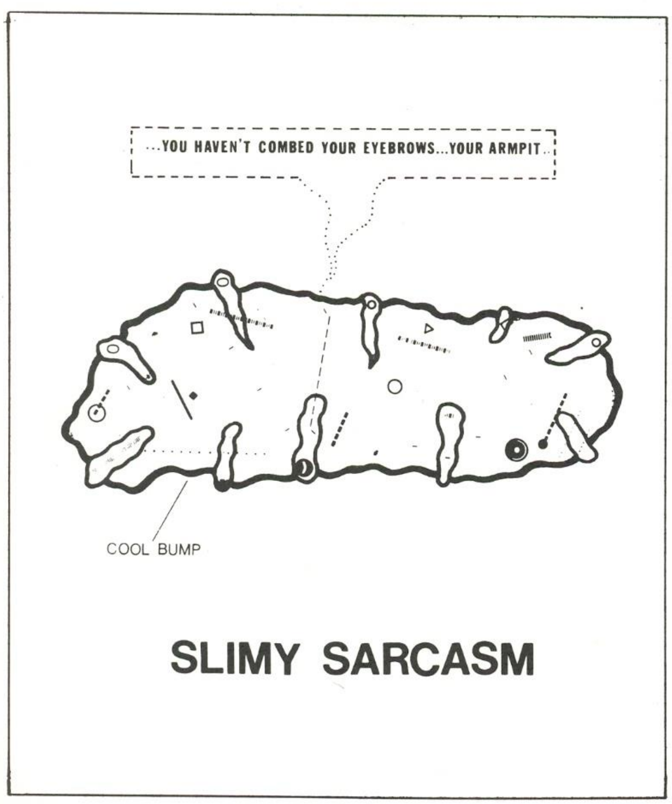
ASS HOLE LIGHTS FOR THE VATICAN.

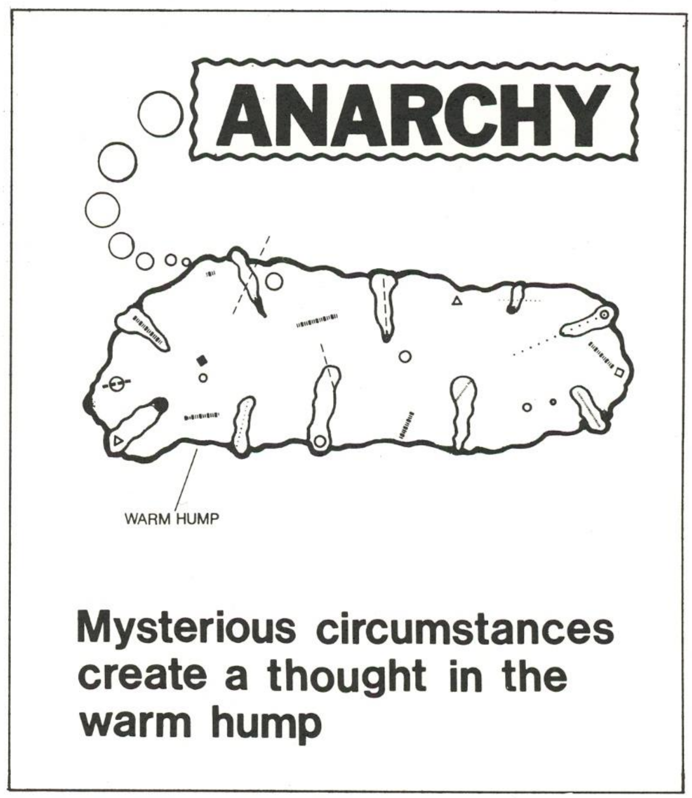
THE ULTIMATE
ASS·HOLE·LITE!
FOR POSTAL
INSPECTORS,
THIS CAP-LITE
CONSISTS OF
THREE BLUE-
DOT FLASH
BULBS

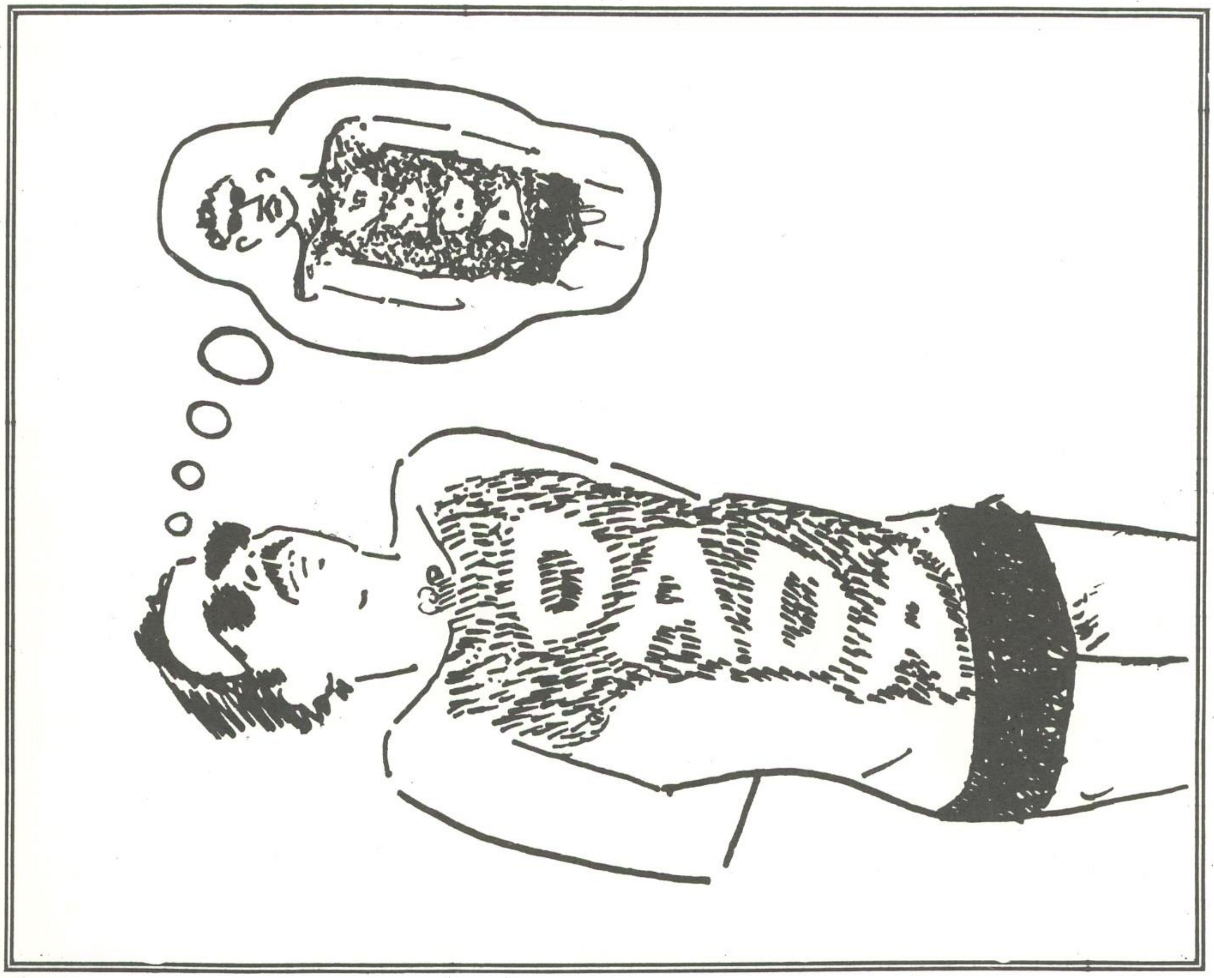



HOT LUMP
IT STARTED OUT AS A HOT LUMP IN THE TREES


AS THE ARDENT GLOB OF JELLY FLESH BEGAN TO CHILL.....IT DISPLAYED ANTISOCIAL ATTITUDES.


...YOU HAVEN'T COMBED YOUR EYEBROWS...YOUR ARMPIT..
COOL BUMP
SLIMY SARCASM


ANARCHY
WARM HUMP
Mysterious circumstances create a thought in the warm hump



Then Jorge woke up and he was Bill Gaglione again. And he begun to wonder....

Jorge

